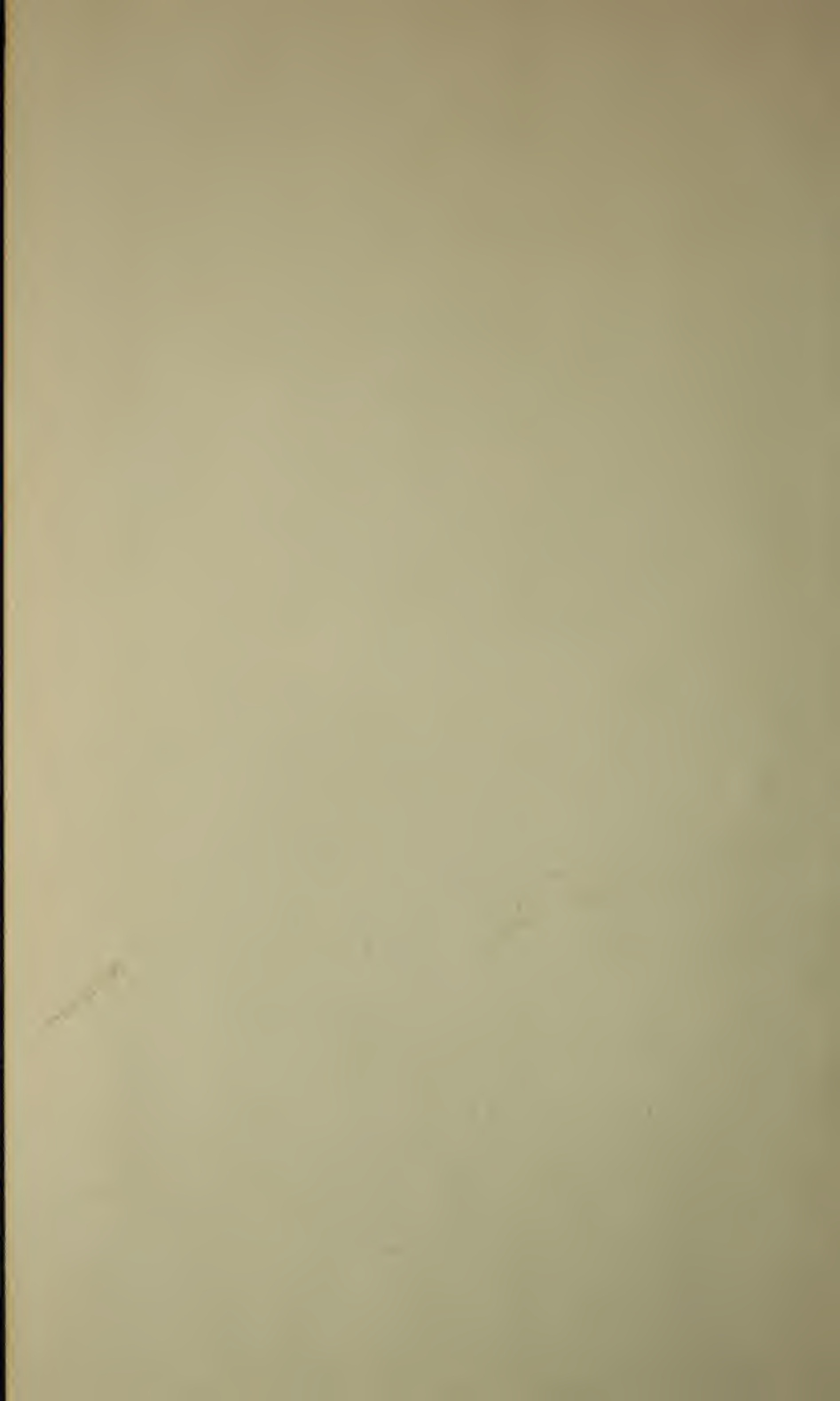


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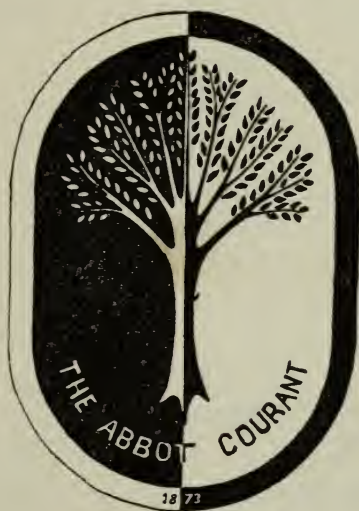
December 1960

The Abbot Courant

VOLUME LXXXIX

December 1960

NUMBER 1



PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Published 3 times yearly: December, April, June
Printed by the Eagle-Tribune Printing, Lawrence, Mass.

Editor-in-Chief

Carol Ule

Assistant Editor

Eileen Christelow

Senior Editor

Susan Fox

Business Editor

Cynthia Eaton

Art Editor

Kathie Krause

Senior Middler Representatives

Susan Boynton
Bethiah Crane

Junior Representative

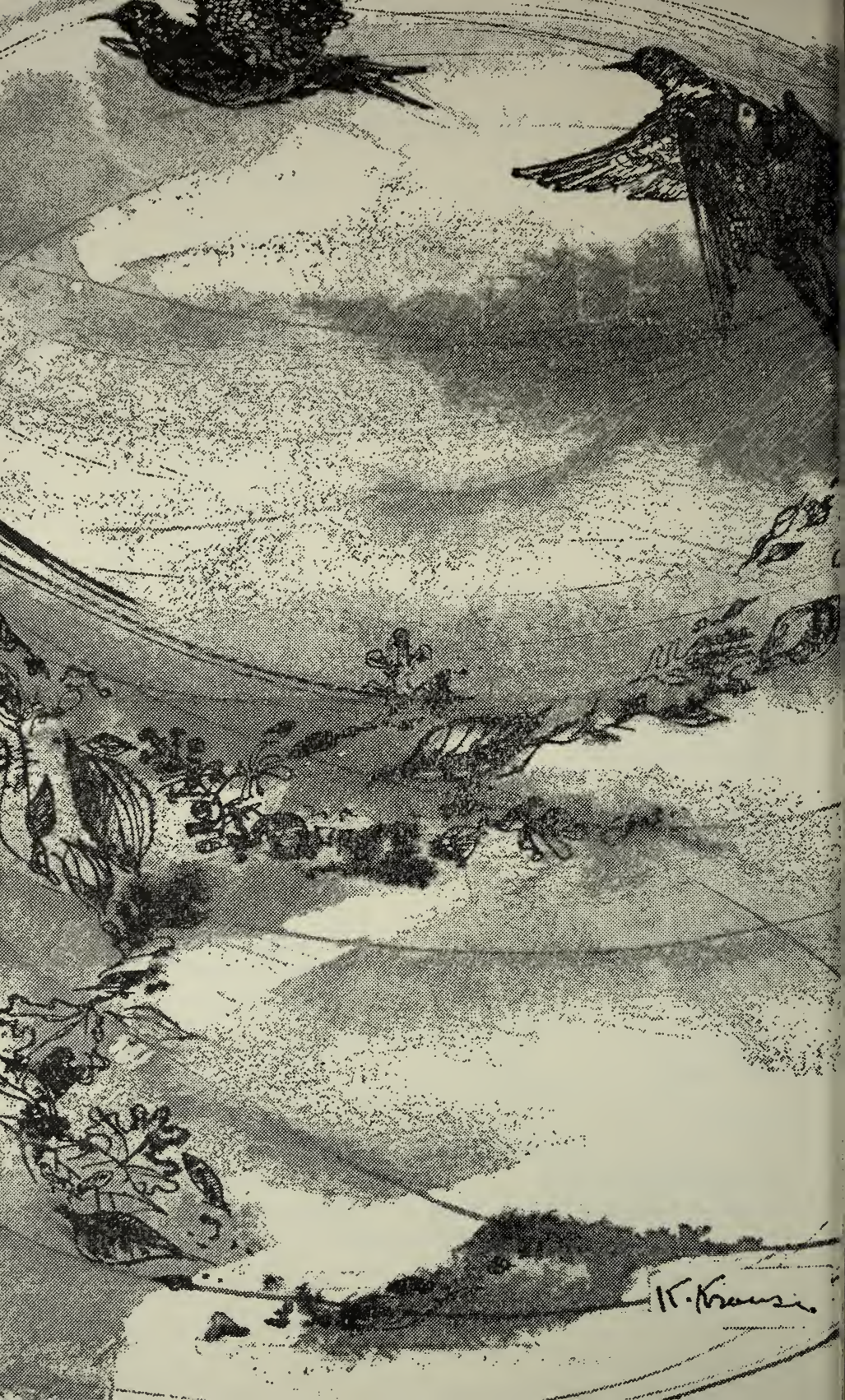
Carolyn Holcombe

Faculty Advisor

Ann Werner

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H. Kraus.

Au Courant

THIS year is the first full year of publication for the *Cynosure*, Abbot's new newspaper. To date it has shown itself to be an interesting and continually improving addition to the school, an addition of which we can well be proud. We of the *Courant* welcome the *Cynosure* and anticipate working together with its editors in presenting the current feelings and basic ideals of the Abbot student body.

It would seem that now that Abbot has both a newspaper and a literary magazine, the school could make more use of what these publications have to offer. Given the responsibility of recording faithfully the feelings of the student body, the two publications — *Cynosure* concerned with girls' immediate opinions, and *Courant* more with their established convictions — are kept in close contact with the sentiments and ideas of all the classes. It would seem that this contact, and the understanding of the girls which comes with it, would be an excellent reason for the inclusion of the two editors in the policy-making branch of the student government. Representing the entire school, these editors would base their suggestions on the material they had received from the girls and on observations they had made of any strong, general feeling of the student body as exhibited in the girls' writing. Their suggestions would surely be as telling as those of the officers of the Athletic and Christian Associations.

As with any "reform", this change would take much deliberation on the part of the students and faculty. It is felt, however, that if in the future the editors-in-chief of the two Abbot publications were included in the student government, another close point of association would be established between the girls and their government, in this case an association based on the students' intellectual and creative expressions.

All Hallows Eve

The bell rings twelve. My room is filled
With dove-grey glow of moonlit star
Which, filtered through the silver leaves
And shuttered windows, restlessly
Shifts to and fro; illuminates
A chair, a corner, now a lamp,
Which from this light a strangeness take.
A chair, by day; yet now I see
A shape of bony, slatted ribs:
The table has become a massive
Menacing monster, brooding there:
And in that corner lurks what spirit
Breathed to life by unnatural suns?

The bell rings one. Impatient murmurs
Scatter sleep. They would be free;
And yet They dare not front my eyes.

The bell rings two. A creeping chill
Seeks refuge in my once safe home
And drives out sleep. Wake and aware
I lie, and force an even breath,
And watch, and listen to the homeless sighs
Of homeless shades released by Night.

The bell rings three. The weaving arms
Of wandering souls dart to and fro
Within the moonlight on the wall.

The bell rings four; and five. And then
The silver spell is rift by one gold ray,
And then another. The whispering sink
To one regretful sigh; then silence,
Sun-blessed peace. And now the god
Reclaims his stolen silver light;
Revives it to a comforting gold,
And with it paints the world. Now fear's dispelled.
The Protector has come,
and I may sleep.

DOROTHY EASTON, '61

It Happened In Paris

I HAD an experience in Paris which seemed strange and unnatural at the time, but now I wonder why I even thought twice about it.

My parents, my sister, and I were with a fairly large group of Swedish people at a night club in Paris. I was sitting quietly in the group enjoying the atmosphere which was so foreign to me. I could sense only the music, the Champagne, and my sister's voice beside me. As I looked around at the couples, I noticed that rarely were two Negroes together. As I had noticed everywhere in Paris, there was almost always a Negro boy with a white girl. I realized then that what some Europeans had been saying to me all along was probably true. What was so natural to the Parisians really made a noticeable difference to me as an American. I really hated myself for thinking about this; it made me seem prejudiced which I honestly didn't think I was.

As I looked across the smoky room, I noticed that a handsome Negro was looking at me. I asked my sister what she would do if a Negro boy asked her to dance. She replied that she would do it just to say that it had happened in Paris. That remark annoyed me. Now the boy who had been looking at me was coming across the room.

Complete silence fell upon the group as he leaned over and asked me to dance. As I walked onto the dance floor, I hated myself for feeling unsure and unsteady in my high heels and for being aware of my blond hair and light complexion next to him. But more than this, I hated the look of surprise on my father's face. The music was fast and the boy was a good dancer who had intrinsic rhythm. I remember that he spoke to me in French, and I answered him saying that I spoke English. I was impressed that immediately he began speaking English flawlessly. Hardly a word was spoken between us as the music became faster and faster, and the other couples left the floor to us. I became completely disgusted with myself then because I felt self-conscious when there was no need to be. I began to get frantic when the band played on and on, but the people in the club were obviously enjoying the unusual rock and roll dancing so the music continued.

When it was over, the boy escorted me to my place and politely thanked me. I replied a little too curtly and collapsed with relief into my chair. As everyone smiled warmly and remarked only that I must be worn out, I tried to convince myself that it was only my high heels that had made me uncomfortable on the dance floor.

KITTY STAHLBRAND, '61

THE rattle of breakfast dishes awoke the old man. Yawning slowly, then carefully stretching each arm and leg, he took a deep breath and swung out of bed.

"Feet're a little sore this mornin'," he thought to himself. "Musta been them calypso lessons Danny gave me last night."

He chuckled softly as he pulled his soiled socks over the blistered feet. "Someday I'll be better 'n' that son o'mine — someday."

He had finished dressing now, and glancing quickly at the mirror, he scowled at the wrinkled face staring back at him, attempted to straighten his hunched shoulders, and started down the hall towards the kitchen. On the way he stopped at the nearest door, opened it, and entered the room.

A warm surge of pride, such as only a father can feel, swept through the old man's body as he gazed down at the bed.

"Peter," he whispered hoarsely, "Peter, my boy, it's time you was gettin' up. Your Ma's down in the kitchen fixin' your favorite breakfast. Heh, Heh, boy, just listen to them sausages a-sizzlin' and poppin' in the fryin' pan. And smell them fritters. M-m-m-m-m, can't you just see them all crusty brown with thick warm syrup runnin' down their sides onto the plate?"

There was no response from the bed.

"Aw, come on Petie boy, I know you're just playin' possum. I'll give you five minutes to get downstairs, and if you're not there, then I'm eatin' every single one of your fritters, Hee, Hee, yup, every single one of 'em."

With that, he laughed again, stepped quickly out of the room and proceeded to the next room on the hall. At the door he stopped, pressed his ear up against it to hear the steady rhythm of his elder son's breathing, then knocked loudly.

"Danny," he called harshly, "it's time you was gettin' 'at lazy bottom o' yours up outa bed and was out helpin' me with the cows."

He waited for an answer, but there was only silence.

"Listen here, Danny," he said, raising his voice, "I know you're awake 'cause I heerd ya' movin' around 'bout an hour ago. I'm gettin' pretty sick 'n' tired o' you young whipper-snappers not

payin' no attention to your Pa, and so help me, if you ain't down at that kitchen in five minutes, I'm gonna give you a lickin' like you ain't never gonna fergit."

He turned and headed for the stairs. Halfway down he stopped and bellowed back over his shoulder, "An' 'at goes fer you too Peter. Don't think I still ain't strong enough to handle the both of you."

His wife was busily reading the morning paper when he entered the kitchen.

"Mornin' Anna," he said kissing her withered cheek. "Beautiful day today. Guess maybe the corn's gonna be okay after all."

Then, stopping short, he gazed madly about the room, grabbed the woman by the shoulders, and shrieked wildly, "You've only set two places again! How many times do I have to tell you to set four! Where do you 'spect our boys to eat? on the floor? or maybe you'd rather see 'em eat out in the barn!"

Here he released his clamp on her shoulders and swung toward the stove. "And where are the corn fritters you promised to make for 'em today? You know as well as I do that fritters is their favorite breakfast! Where are they, huh, where are they?"

The old man was sweating now and a thin line of saliva drooled slowly down his chin.

Anna's beady eyes stared wildly at her husband for a few minutes. Suddenly she slammed the newspaper to the floor and sprang to her feet.

"Once more, Ralph Johnson," she threatened as she moved slowly towards him, "you mention our children once more like they was livin', and I'm gonna call the police. There ain't no use settin' their places at the table or tryin' to wake 'em up in the mornin' 'cause they just ain't gonna wake up. Do you understand what I'm tryin' to tell you Ralph? They ain't gonna wake up! They're dead! Do you understand? They're dead!"

She was screaming now and the veins in her forehead protruded beneath her clipped black bangs.

The old man seemed stunned for a moment. Then, almost as if the preceding incident had never taken place, he grinned broadly, placed his hands on his hips, and said, "Well, whatta ya' know. After all I said to them boys and they still ain't down here. Guess I'll just run on upstairs and drag 'em down here 'fore their fritters gets cold."

Anna bowed her head slowly and wiped away a stray tear. Then she reached for the telephone.

“Mind Follows Body”

MY father's Norwegian friend sent him a picture of his children. I can remember my astonishment when I first saw it. Two slight smiling girls my size stood on top of a grey boulder; they were naked! My father said they were beautiful. I considered them awful; whoever looked at the photograph would know how I appeared undressed. My favorite playmate Miles might see it; he would tell the boys at school. I could hear them snickering and feel them giving me the eye.

I waited for my father to stop studying the photograph. He smiled and put it into a box; it was safely hidden there. My eight year old modesty rested.

In December a package came from Norway. It was medium in size and heavy. I recalled the Norwegian photograph, and with dread watched as my father opened the parcel on Christmas morning. He drew away handfuls of curly paper and carefully lifted out a bronze statue. When he placed it on the table and removed his fingers, my anxiety turned into horror.

I listened as my parents exclaimed in wonder at the curving full figure of a nude woman. The sight of her round breasts and bare stomach made me want to creep under our couch. My father rushed excitedly from the room and brought back an electric stand with a revolving disk. He placed the bronze woman on it center and plugged it in. Her relaxed s-shaped body languidly turned. The grownups chattered in admiration; I felt ashamed of their pleasure and walked away.

The statue became a permanent part of our living room. For special occasions my father proudly set her rotating and on New Year's Day my mother tied a bright red bow around her waist.

I had to tolerate their taste which caused me chagrin and worry. When I was in the living room with someone else, I never looked at her; if the other person did, I tried to distract his interest by offering him a “National Geographic”. I steered my friends into the basement and told them my mother never allowed anyone except parents in the upstairs; Miles was the most difficult to convince.

I wanted to be a boy. Whenever Miles and I were together, I tried to make him forget that I was feminine. I wrestled and double dared him. I wore blue jeans and bought a twin shirt. Most of all, I kept him away from the statue; her voluptuous body illustrated our differences, differences which embarrassed and angered me.

One day we were roughhousing inside. Miles chased me through the living room. By chance, he caught me in front of the statue. I tried to hurry him away before he noticed her; he stopped and stared and wouldn't move. He grinned, and I felt trapped.

This incident changed our relationship. I began to pick out my own dresses and read movie magazines. Miles joined with other boys; we avoided each other. The statue no longer irritated me. She was beautiful and slender; I was bumpy in the wrong places. It was my dream to be as lovely as she.

Years later, when I was fourteen, Miles asked me to a dance. That night, before he realized I was waiting in the hall, I saw him staring admiringly at the statue. It made me proud to have him appreciate her.

I had changed; the statue had not. As long as I could remember, she had been content to be a woman.

JULIE OWEN, '61



A Friend

The Sun shines to unweave
The blanket of wrong that
Someone has used to cover
The now-troubled mind.

Above the struggle,
Many steel birds
Pour the sky
Into their mouths.

Below the struggle,
Animals-with-minds
Flow in canals
Between concrete masses.

On the blanket,
The sun works
Until finally
It is unwoven.

ANDRÉE CONRAD, '62

A Storm

THE end of August which marks the end of a summer of chamber maiding is very close. The salty sea air is crispier and the green of the ocean is deeper, colder. I am more tired. These afternoons seem essential. They refresh one for going back to work again at six. If only for a short two hours in the late afternoon, the peace of mind I found in the solitude from the pine woods to the cliffs is a rest from routine. The fine spirit of potential energy, expressing itself by a long run, is gone.

It is now five-thirty and I must be turning back. The trail has widened and the spruce are no longer as tall and straight. Underbrush is choking the soft pine cushioned floor. An open field, and then the lighthouse looms before me. I must stop a moment to look toward the village from this perch.

From the highest point on an island, the whole world is at my feet. I can see the horizon roll over the sea and land in all four directions. The glowing sunset is an intense drama. Every weather change is visible from North, South, East, and West. Almost too suddenly to be possible, the bank of darkened clouds block the last glow of the sun . . . only for a minute. Then the game of tag seems to have begun with the clouds racing by to hide these yellow rays. The wind swoops around me again. A premature evening appears in the trail of the black clouds. The ocean deepens to almost black.

I must go. I must go back. It's late. If I hurry, maybe I can return later. The usual dread of the village noise seems to be forgotten as I race down the hill, past the cemetery, toward the Inn.

My heart is pounding and my breath comes quickly. I do not give myself a chance to rest but climb the back stairs to my floor. What usually takes one an hour to do seems to take two. There are towels to be changed and beds to be straightened. I must get the rooms ready for the evening. The Johnsons refuse to go to dinner. I've knocked twice. Why did those new arrivals have to sleep? Oh, please hurry, Miss Smith—and take your dog with you! Time is flying so quickly and the wind increases against the windows of my prison.

Like Cinderella, I kick my shoes off on the stairway and grab my parka from the hook. The air is now crispier and the wind presses my shirt against me.

SUSAN BOYNTON, '62

OUR Egyptian ancestors were the first to domesticate the carnivorous mammal, *Felix Catus*, or as we more commonly refer to it today, the cat. These early members of the cat family were kept as pets or for catching rats and mice. They were faithful creatures, performing their tasks with utmost diligence and enthusiasm, and I have no doubt that the Sphinx was erected to commemorate them.

Since that time, the Pinnacle of Catdom, the cat has experienced a startling evolution. Whereas the word Cat was once associated with a small furry animal, today the word Cat is a vital part of our language. This modern Cat oftentimes bears connotations which resemble the original only in spelling.

The study of etymology, or Catymology, is most elucidating; the cat is truly a diversified animal. For instance, a cat is a C-A-T—cat; a cat is a spiteful woman or a woman of easy morals. And we needn't give up so soon; a cat is a bat used in the game tipcat; in the farmer's cant it is a tractor. When a cat flies, it is a *Catbird*, and when it swims, it is a *Catfish*. When a cat floats, it is a *Catboat*, and when it rocks, it is a *Catscradle*. A cat that digs swing music is a *Hepcat*, and cats with histrionic leanings are *Cataracts*. A cat that voices disapproval at political rallies ejects *Catcalls*. However, if he is a minority, he may end up a *Category*. Cats in the country are usually *Catamountains*, although if there is a picnic in process, they are *Catsup* on hotdogs, or the *Catalogues* on the fire. And whereas this discussion of Catamology is running around in circles, most cats are found *Catty-cornered*.

I have made the acquaintance of many cats and am convinced that the *Felidae* family is intrinsically an honest one. As a matter of fact, I cannot think of a single *Catalyze*. The cat has, however, a playful nature and often lets the Cat out of the bag. I would refrain from confiding in them your innermost secrets. For exercise the cats take *Catwalks* and, when exhausted, they grab *Catnaps*. Cats are exceptionally well groomed. Upon awakening from the *Catnap*, they run *Catacombs* through their fur. The majority of cats do not indulge in alcoholic beverages; however, if faced by a *Catastrophe*, a cat may raise its spirits with a *Catnip*.

To do a cat justice, I would like to clarify several misapprehensions. The reputed *Cat-o-nine-tails* does not exist. Actually a cat has but one tail. *Catkin* are kitties—*Catkin* bearing no relation to the drooping branches of willow trees, nor *Kitty* to the extra hand in a card game.

Without being *Catty* myself, I think it only fair to remind you that there are those who detest cats. They are the victims of *Cataphobia*, and believe that all cats, black or otherwise, are ominous signs. I am convinced that the study of *Catamology* would be illuminating to psychologists who treat victims of *Cataphobia*. The cat has mistakenly become the object of the victim's neurosis because of distorted association. The initial cause of most cases of *Cataphobia* probably is an aversion to violin music; at some time the victim has heard that violins cannot be played without strings made of *Catgut*.

As you can see, *Catamology* is an extensive subject. I have tried to give you a brief introduction without exhausting the adventures you can experience in exploring *Catamology* yourself.

I urge you, however, to keep on your toes and not be led astray by such words as *Catlike*. *Catlike* means, in the study of *Catymology*, like a cat, and oddly enough, nothing else.

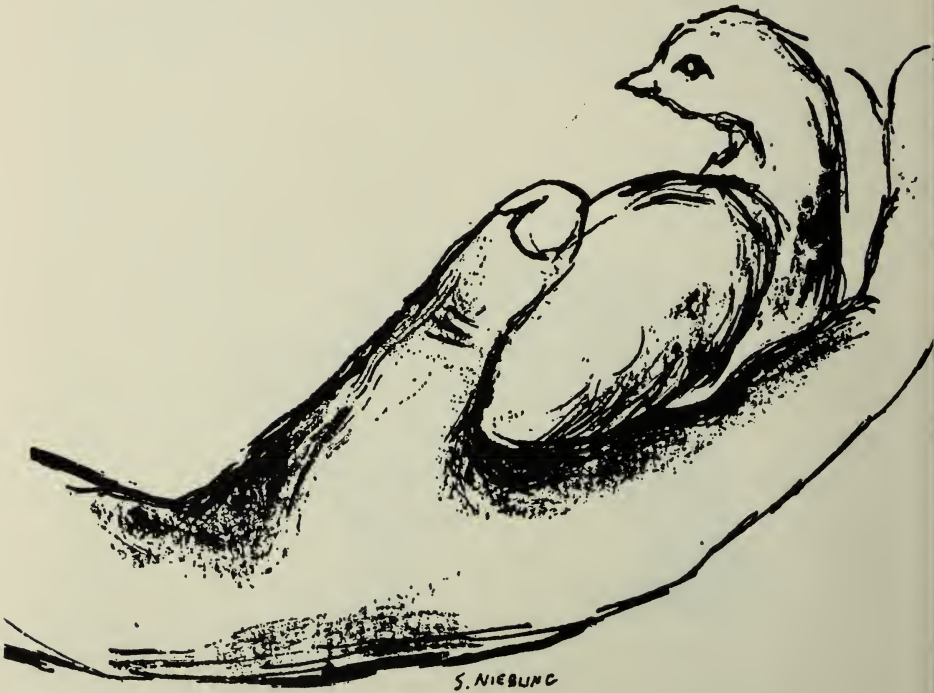


Wild Bird

The bird lies quivering in my hand;
Deep in my heart I understand
That he never can belong to man.

In my opened palm he lies;
Aroused by birds' echoing cries,
He swoops, then rises to the skies.

JANE MORTON, '61



“Lo, the Poor Indian”

SEVERAL evenings ago, I watched a Western on Television. After the inevitable advertisement, the show began. A wagon train, with riders by its side, drew up on the side of a mountain. It was obvious that the people who jumped from the wagons and horses were specimens of the middle eighteen hundreds; their clothes were neat after a hard day's ride; their supposedly tired mounts were full of energy and the saddles were clean and shining.

No sooner were they down than one of the men announced that he saw some Indians riding toward them. While the women ran to their wagons, the men of the train got their guns so they could protect themselves from the savage Indians. We watched with these people as the Indians approached. They were scantily dressed, looked disheveled and wild. Despite the fact that the shapes of saddles could be seen under the genuine Indian blankets, and that their horses wore full leather bridles, we could tell these were real, uncivilized nineteenth century Indians.

As the head of the wagon train talked to one of the Indians, who, obviously, could talk English, we discovered that each white man had been given one hundred acres of land by the U. S. government, on the condition that he would cultivate it. Oddly enough this was land on which Indians were living. The white man explained that his government had power over the Indians, in spite of the fact that the Indians had never heard of such a government.

As the show progressed, and the days also, the Indians were told that there was only one god. The settlers said, too, that they would accept the best form of government and the best form of education, an education from books. The Indians were very irrational and, for some reason, could not understand that these ways were better than their own. They rebelled against the white men and their ways. The settlers fought back, and, because they were so much more educated in the ways of battle, overcame the wicked Indians.

LIBBY HOLLOWAY, '61

On Cubism

I WOULD like to have the dimensions of a cube. This seems an odd statement in an age where a "cube" in teen-age jive talk is a derogatory appellation applied to members of a generation who refuse to conform to their not very strict standards of rock and roll and duck-tail hair cuts. "Cube" is also used by the so called "beatniks" whose negative code has been highly publicized. The true Beats have a reasonable objective—individualism; in refusing to be swept down-stream by the trends of a materialistic and security-hungry society. But the pseudos, who have become conformists in that they all call themselves "beatniks", excuse their laziness by negation and their negation is passed off as individualism.

I digress. I would like, figuratively of course, to have the dimensions of a cube because a cube has height, depth, and breadth.

To me, height is spiritual aspiration, physical ambition, and intellectual curiosity. If we look upward toward the heavens in supplication and thanks, is not height approaching Heaven and God? Idealistically, I still believe we are put here on earth to do something, leave a mark, and live. To have a happy, full, and useful life, I must do or create something tangible; but to do this, I must have ambition. "Hitch your wagon to a star" is an old adage, but there is a great deal of truth in some banalities. If you aim high, you may not attain your goal, but you will accomplish more for having ambition. The Powers that Be also meant us to learn, I believe. The ladder of knowledge goes up closer and closer to truth. True, many people find disillusionment in reality but truth transcends reality and is purer than it. It must really be worked for. Learning comes not only from textbooks, teachers and lectures, but also from people, books, and nature. Each day's experience remembered and profited by is a rung in that ladder to truth.

Depth is less tangible than height. It is the soul and heart of a person, his perception and his sensitivity. Depth is human sympathy and love; it is how deeply you can love; it is how sensitive you are to the feelings and emotions of those around you; it is so intangible that it cannot be touched, but felt; you are only aware of it when it is not present. A person without depth is a shell without love or soul.

Breadth is not striven for like height, or born in a person and cultivated in him like depth. It is what height and depth attained and cultivated together can give a person. It is knowledge, broadly

spread out, of many objects, ideas, and people; it is the absence of prejudice, and the scope and depth necessary for looking at situations, people, and experiences objectively but not coldly. It is knowledge, and it is more than knowledge; it is culture obtained by the attaining of education used with intelligence and sensitivity.

KARIN MAGID, '61

Loneliness

Loneliness is the dark
Behind my eyelids.
Loneliness is a young girl
On a chair,
Waiting to dance.
It is
An unseen tear,
Masked by an empty smile
It is
A deep thought,
Un-said—
Unshared.

MARGARET POWER, '63

JOHN Harris was just an ordinary man, little different from many, many others. But he was running for President of the United Federation of Co-ordinate States, a very small nation surrounded by the world's largest and most powerful states. The United Federation of Co-ordinate States (U.F. of C.S.) was used to being shuffled between these great nations and had always been quite resigned about its situation.

But it had become too wearing to change flag and allegiance nearly every year and the U.F. of C.S. had declared its complete independence of these other nations. Freedomland, to the south, was afraid to violate the declaration because Libertyland could use it as propaganda. Libertyland was afraid to violate the declaration because then she couldn't use it as propaganda against Freedomland.

Now that U.F. of C.S. had established an undisturbed independence, it had to set up its own government. Every man in the nation (population 7000) declared himself President. This was quite democratic and had continued for three days when it became necessary to print stamps. There was such an uproar about whose face would be on the stamps that they decided an election was necessary. And that is why John Harris and 2111 other men were running for President.

Harris had no particular views on the administration of the country. In fact, the idea of winning filled him with horror, but his wife had insisted the children would be embarrassed to get on the school bus if their father wasn't on the front porch speechifying. And so Harris speechified. Nobody listened; everyone else was acclaiming himself. Nobody went to work or came home at night. The wives took over the men's jobs with very little difficulty and enjoyed themselves immensely, for a short while at least.

A day had been appointed for each street to nominate a man and narrow down the field. When the results were tallied, it was found that every woman had voted for her husband and every man voted for himself, except for a man who could not read and voted for Harris by mistake.

Each town now had to nominate a representative from the street winners and as the men who were no longer running were no longer interested in the outcome, they voted for Harris on the slogan,

“Harris for U.F. of C.S.
Yes, yes, YES”

This now put Harris in the finals, and he was becoming more terrified by the day. He, President? He was happy as a quiet businessman. And the international situation was steadily becoming worse. Libertyland and Freedomland had made a compact not to use U.F. of C.S. as propaganda, and so they were again battling over her. And on account of the change in government, the country's economy was extremely shaky. No man wished to remain in the same place or do the same job. All wished to advance, get rich, and become world renowned. Harris discussed withdrawing from the election with his wife, but she was so aghast at the idea that he did not mention it again. Anyhow, his chances of winning looked too small to worry about. His twenty-nine opponents were campaigning on platforms of conquering Freedomland and Libertyland, an idea currently very popular. But to his distress the supporters of the war theory divided their votes into twenty-nine parts, whereas the anti-war voters all voted for John Harris. Therefore, there only remained in the running, John Harris and Albert Lovinsky, who was the firmest believer in the U.F. of C.S.'s strength.

Harris was now becoming quite desperate. He had no idea how he would handle the situation if he won the election. He was quite sure that he would not. But a certain fear nagged him. He was not quite sure that Albert Lovinsky could save the country from the impending disaster. It even occurred to him that Albert Lovinsky might plunge them into even greater disaster. Oh, well, he supposed what Mr. Lovinsky did was really none of his business. Harris ceased to campaign even half-heartedly. He did not even go to the office. He sat in a corner of a tavern all day and thought. Five days before election time he was still thinking, and it suddenly struck him that, his business or not, he did not want Albert Lovinsky to be President. Neither did he wish to be President himself. He did not know what to do.

Three days before the election he was sitting in the tavern when a telecast of the news came on. He absently watched it. Freedomland and Libertyland were threatening each other with war and U.F. of C.S. would undoubtedly be their battleground. The day before, news had come that the two main companies of the country had folded and the stock market had collapsed. Harris realized that the country now had no economic balance at all. Soon it must totally collapse, and be taken under the wing of Freedomland or Liberty-

land. Harris was convinced that this must never happen again. They were different peoples. Somewhere, somehow, the problem could be solved. But where, how?

Then the voice and face of Albert Lovinsky came on the air. "For a strong government, for weak neighbors, for power across the continent, vote for the man with the Big Ideas."

Harris slumped farther down in his chair. He must do something. And then, at last, after twenty days of thought, he knew. He rose and strode out of the tavern. It was so very, very, simple. Ten minutes later he was standing on his front porch presenting his plan to the country. But there was nobody to hear. There was nobody on the whole street. Harris ran to the next street; nobody. He ran to another; nobody. At last he came to the center of the town. The entire populace was gathered there, caught by the war fever. On a high platform in the midst of them all stood Albert Lovinsky, speaking. "We will rule the east, west, north, the whole world." And all the people cheered.

Harris shouted "No, no," and ran into the crowd towards the platform. He pushed, and kicked, and crawled, and finally arrived standing before Albert Lovinsky. "No," he shouted.

And the crowd shouted, "Yes".

"We will ruin ourselves", shouted Harris, "I have a plan."

The crowd yelled back, "Intruder".

"Let me speak", said Harris, "I must".

"Boo", returned the crowd.

"I will tell . . ."

"Boo, Boo!"

Suddenly Albert Lovinsky said, "Let him speak."

Harris leapt onto the platform and began. "We are coveted by our neighbors for only one thing. The large meltkin deposit in the south. Melka is used in atomic weapons. Should we but detour a small river to pass through the melka basin it will render it entirely useless to our neighbors, and they will no longer . . ."

"War" yelled the crowd. "Go, boo, out. Albert Lovinsky, Albert Lovinsky, ALBERT LOVINSKY."

Harris stepped slowly down from the platform and walked away, and the crowd cleared a path for him to pass through. As he walked away he heard the people chant,

"Lovinsky for U.F. of C.S.

Yes, yes, YES."

The Seedling

The wingéd maple seed full grown,
By forceful breezes swiftly blown,
Was wafted o'er a distant lake
'Till by the word of Providence,
Its course a downward turn did make.

Among some weeds and scraggly grass
Away from seedlings of its class,
Alone it grew, matured, and died
Without a plant that missed its shade
Or moss that grew upon its side.

ANDREA LYNCH, '61



Droma

LET me introduce you to Droma, a very pretty girl in her early teens. She used to live in Tibet with her mother and father and perhaps brothers and sisters. She was a very happy child but last year everything changed. The Chinese moved into Tibet. They literally slaughtered the Tibetans, who, never knowing war and being completely isolated in the Himalaya Mountains, could not defend themselves.

The people stayed, fighting with anything they could find, but finally, when Dali Lama fled to Moosorie, a small hill station in India, his people fled also, some to India, some to Pakistan, some to Nepal, and any other country that would take them.

Droma and her family fled for Darjeerling. I do not know what happened to her on the way, or just what happened to her parents. I only know that she suffered greatly.

Nomas, her uncle, described what he had endured. Their small family clan lived in a village outside of Lhasa. All they had was made or grown inside the clan. One day a stranger came running into the village, telling of the Chinese invasion. The people thought he was lying, but some refugees started coming into the village. Droma's clan continued to work although they were beginning to get alarmed.

A week later the Chinese attacked the village. The people scattered, many hiding in the hills, many just running; none survived of those that remained.

Nomas and his family lived in the hills for months. When starvation threatened, he sent his thirteen year old son out in search of food. They waited a few days but he didn't come back. After that they sent people out in pairs; sometimes only one would return and often neither. Droma was one of those. She did not return and was not heard of until Nomas reached Darjeerling. Whenever any tribemen passed, they would stop and exchange what little news they knew.

Finally the clan decided to flee from the village to Darjeerling. It took two months of constant running, stopping, and hiding when groups of Chinese soldiers came near. They suffered from starvation and hunger but most of all from sorrow and horror of what the Chinese did to their people. The men were crucified on trees, many being nailed, others only tied. Those who did not die from lack of

blood lasted as long as thirty days. The women were raped and the children slaughtered like pigs. The Chinese did their best to wipe out the Tibetan race completely.

Droma and Nomas were the only ones to reach Darjeeling. When they arrived, they were greeted by other refugees who had over run Nepal.

Did God forget these people or is it man's own wickedness which has caused their plight?

HONEY HELFFERICH, '64

"The Greater Glory"

ECHO was due to appear in exactly seven minutes. We jumped up from the card table and rushed to get sweaters. After the screen door had banged shut, we were out in the silence of the clear, cool night. We went to the neighboring field. In two more minutes the man-made balloon was to appear on the horizon.

"Remember," Dad said, "It will be much brighter than the stars and it moves rapidly."

"It doesn't twinkle like the stars either," added my brother.

We stood in silence now and looked up expectantly. There wasn't anything very unusual looking yet. Then we saw it, rising from behind a dark clump of trees. It moved steadily and rapidly across the sky as if it were being pulled by an unknown force. It's bright, solid form rose to the apex of the sky and then descended unflinching to the horizon.

"It certainly is amazing what man has accomplished," said my mother in an awed voice.

Now I was the only one standing on the broad expanse of the field. Above me, the night sky stretched out, distant but protecting. There were the same stars I had seen every summer: the Milky Way, the Big Dipper, and the North Star. I didn't have to watch them sink below the horizon. They would be there always, twinkling and unchanging.

BETH HYDE, '61

EMIL slowly opened his eyes and stared at the flies swarming at the roof of his small hut. He sighed softly and closed his eyes again. He lay silently for a second, then stretched his dark fingers out to the mud floor and made idle swirls in the dust. He opened his eyes and gazed at the figure of his wife next to him. She stirred slightly. He slowly sat up, rubbed his eyes and then jumped up with a sudden burst of energy. His wife looked at him sleepily. He nodded with a grunt. She returned the morning salutation with a hazy smile.

Emil walked to the door of his hut, and surveyed the morning. It was a warm day. The sun made a bright pattern in the muddy yard as it filtered through the broad jungle leaves. Emil stretched his muscular black body, and then walked over to a large pile of leaves in the middle of the yard. He kicked them gently.

Last night there had been a celebration in the yard. Everyone in the village had come, even the women and the children. They had built a huge bonfire and had danced around it, chanting and screaming as they went. It had been a wonderful time. Emil's black eyes sparkled as they thought about it. They had been celebrating the freedom of their country.

Emil wasn't quite sure what freedom was but he knew that everything was to change because of it. The white man who lived down the road had tried to explain. He had said that the black man would rule instead of the white man. Then he had added, looking reverently at the blue sky, "God will still be our real ruler."

Emil looked searchingly at the blue sky, but he saw nothing.

A scrawny chicken strutted up to the ashes and started pecking vigorously at them. Emil picked up the bird and poked experimently among the filthy feathers. A look of disappointment spread over his face. He dropped the squawking chicken to the ground.

He heard a step and whirled around. A large black man was standing behind him. Emil sighed with relief. "Joseph! Welcome!" Joseph nodded with a grunt. He looked pensively at the ashes.

Emil looked at him questioningly. There was a pause. "I am the same," explained Joseph bitterly. "My wife is the same. My chickens

are the same. My house is still poor. Nothing has happened." He kicked the ashes with fury. A grey haze rose up and settled down again around their feet.

Emil's troubled eyes roamed over his yard. He looked at the hut that he had built. He looked at his wife, standing in the doorway, watching the two men. He watched his scrawny chickens strutting about in the filth. "I have not changed," screamed Joseph. "No one will." He gave a final frenzied kick at the ashes and ran back to the jungle.

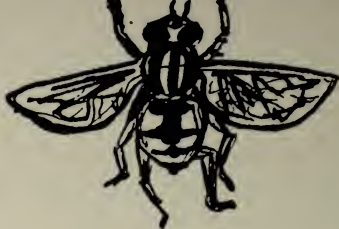
Emil's wife walked out to the pile of ashes. She looked thoughtfully at her husband's disturbed face. "Joseph is right," the big man said. "Nothing has changed." His wife looked at the clouding sky. Emil looked, too.

"You can help it change," she whispered softly and then walked back to the house.

Emil stared at the clouds for a few minutes longer, and then slowly walked down the path to the white man's house. As he neared the house, he heard frenzied and fanatic cries. When he came to the clearing, he could see all of his friends standing outside the house. They were jumping up and down, shaking their fists at a figure standing in one of the windows. Emil ran up to Joseph's side. He was soon overcome by the excitement of the mob. He began to yell and shake his fists. More men joined them.

Suddenly the door of the white house opened. A familiar white face looked out. The door opened all the way. The man stepped out onto the porch. He looked up at the grey sky and opened his mouth to speak. In a flash, Joseph lunged at him. There was an ugly gleam of a knife in his hand. A scream of terror froze on the man's lips. He sprang into the house and closed the door. Joseph's knife plunged into the white wood. The crowd screamed with excitement and fear. Some scattered around the house, others ran behind the nearby trees.

Emil started to run. His feet barely touched the hard earth. His black body was shining with perspiration. He came to his yard, and fell exhausted upon the black ashes of freedom.



Oh, Fly

Oh, Fly upon the ceiling,
You put my head to reeling
Just to watch you feeling
Your way across the ceiling.

Oh, Fly upon the wall,
I cannot see at all
Why you do not fall
While walking down the wall.

Oh, Fly upon the floor,
How you I do deplore
And so I would adore
To squish you on the floor.

BECKY BARTLETT, '62

Me and Cows



MY name is Mary. I'm eight. Big cities bore me. I like farms. Big farms are the best. All the animals are wild. Well, not really, but they're wilder than Nancy. Nancy is my dog. She is a mongrel but acts as prissy as any poodle I've known. I like cows. They're big and friendly. I haven't known too many cows though.

I met one in a zoo, once. She was ugly, but at least she didn't act prissy like Nancy. I like ponies, too, but I like big cows the best. Cows are always ugly; that's why I like them. I'm ugly too. I'm not as big as a cow though. I'm friendly like a cow. Everyone thinks I'm friendly. I guess people like me the way I like cows. I'm glad.

I like to chew gum, but I can't. My mother doesn't like gum, so I can't chew it. Cows can chew. They're always chewing something, but I can't remember what to call it. I don't always think of cows, but today is special. I'm going to a farm. I don't like the city where I live. I like farms much more. I even like looking at farms through the car window. Driving in cars makes me sleepy. I feel like skipping.

I wish it hadn't taken so long to get here. Maybe I can explore the farm. It's big. I hope I can see some wild animals. I want to skip again. I like skipping in this big field; the grass tickles my legs. I'm tired of skipping. I wonder if I can cross that wall. I don't think anyone would care. I hear a bell. Maybe it came from over the wall. It's a cow, and she's big and ugly. I'm glad.

MARY CONCERNI, '62

The Lie

MY father never allowed me more than two cookies for dessert. Until I was six or seven I did not realize that cookies were made and existed in boxes and jars as well as on the table. I think I had some sort of idea that the stork brought them. When I discovered that this hoard of goodies existed in a jar in the pantry, I asked Daddy if I could have another one. He explained that I could not because it would be bad for my stomach. This led to an involved discussion of anatomy. Anyway, his reasoning was not convincing enough. As soon as he was out of the room I fetched a chair and, standing upon it, I managed to extract the jar of cookies from the shelf. Being a child of slightly less than average intelligence, I forgot to move the chair back.

A few hours later my father came into my bedroom. I dropped the cookie I was munching behind the bed and pretended to be asleep. He woke me up.

"Darling, did you take the cookie jar?" he asked.

"No, Daddy," I replied with a candid look at the wall behind his right ear. It seemed so much simpler to say "no" than go through that business about my stomach again. Nothing more was said about the cookie jar.

A couple of days later I was being particularly difficult about taking my nap. Daddy told me I had better quiet down because we had an invitation to have tea with friends. I squealed with pleasure and then subsided.

Exactly an hour later I jumped out of bed and padded into Daddy's room. He was lying on his bed deeply engrossed in *Jung*.

"Daddy, Daddy, I am ready to go."

"To go? To go where?"

"Daddy, you said we were going to the Houles for tea!"

"I beg your pardon, I did not."

I was so stunned by his denial that I burst into tears. At first I was angry and then I felt terribly hurt. How *could* my father lie to me. It made me burn all over and tingle with shame. Of course, I realized that I had lied to him but I was a child and he was a grownup. He let me ponder over this situation for a couple of days.

His explanation was of great significance. A lie in itself is an evil thing but its most destructive aspect is its effect on one's re-

lation to other people and to one's self. A misrepresentation shows contempt for the other person's intelligence and for his feelings. After lying to other people for a certain length of time, one starts lying to himself. Then he loses that strong unanimity which ties body, soul, and mind together, making man an operating entity.

Of course, he explained this in much simpler terms ending with a quotation from the Bible which seemed to me to make an awful lot of sense.

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

CARRIE THOMAS, '62

"I Am Become A Name"

Tennyson: Ulysses

I flashed my brightest smile and ventured "Hi".
She answered with a twinkle in her eye.
Then to her friend I heard her speak my name
In whispers low. To me it seemed the same
As if she'd said outloud for me to hear,
"I'd like to get to know you well this year."
That pleasant sound had made my spirits soar
Although we'd never even met before.
I started conversation, but in vain.
Her confidence was what I hoped to gain.
But soon she blurted out to my dismay,
"Weren't you kicked out of prep school yesterday?"

SUSAN FOX, '61

*A yellow leaflet bobs
in the wind . . .
the Ginger Cat
Quickly pounces.*

*A hazy ring encircles
the frosted moon . . .
white snowflakes
Will fly soon.*



The Abbot Courant

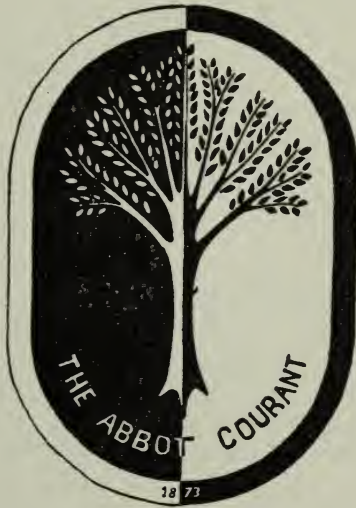
March 1961

The Abbot Courant

VOLUME LXXXIX

MARCH 1961

NUMBER 2



PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Published 3 times Yearly: December, March, June
Printed by the Eagle-Tribune Printing, Lawrence, Mass.

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Carol Ule

Assistant Editor

Eileen Christelow

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if winter comes

Au Courant

THE end has finally come to that notoriously depressing period which is commonly known as the winter term at boarding school. Everyone is panting with anticipation of vacations spent acquiring a suntan in the deep South, careening madly down the slopes at Mont Tremblant, or, even better, of a quiet interlude at home with the boy-next-door.

In retrospect, however, this past term has had its share of exciting, or at least interesting, moments. Rising above the dark hours spent taking S.A.T.'s and Mid-Years and contemplating diets are those times occupied by wild snowball fights, skiing at Boston Hill, the much-discussed Prom, and, finally, those wonderful pseudo-intellectual discussions on wintry Sunday afternoons.

Most girls spent much of their time this term huddled in blankets in their rooms, attempting to get some semblance of warmth. It inevitably followed that, in the brief periods of rest between the study of divers subjects, many became much better acquainted with their roommates — a process both disillusioning and comforting — which is very similar in most cases. First, one begins to realize slowly that one's roommate is not the delightfully mysterious and unfathomable person which she appeared to be in the beginning; in fact, she emerges as a girl uncomfortably like most others, with only a few unique habits, these often bad. Her pattern of behaviour and reaction becomes disappointingly predictable; her answers to problems and questions can almost always be fortetold. It takes one about two weeks to recover from the shock and disillusionment of this gradual awakening.

The time is then ripe for the arrival at a point of mutual understanding — the best part of any relationship. Each girl, being as fully aware of the other's weaknesses as possible, and knowing that she can unbare her soul without embarrassment and with no further need for pretense, can gradually relax. A sense of security and comfort prevails. Nothing is more reassuring than those times when, upon retreating into one's room at night, one is greeted by the cheerful command, "For Pete's sake! Will you hurry up and get into bed!" A girl can then only be glad that she has someone around who knows her as thoroughly as possible, who accepts her in spite of all her bad points, and who cares enough to yell at her.

Away Within

I keep a secret place
Where only I may creep.
I say good-by at day
And crawl back in to sleep.

Inside it's warm and bright
And soft as rabbit fur
And filled with special things
That only I prefer.

The times and people gone,
So distant during day,
Come here to lie with me
And dream my life away.

I feel each person hides
A room inside like this
Where he can be himself
And lose his cares in bliss.

And I can judge how full,
How magic, is this space
By searching in his eye
And glancing at his face.

JULIE OWEN, '61

Saigon — After Curfew

BICYCLE riding through the streets of Saigon, late at night past the curfew time, sounds of barking dogs following at the back wheel of the bicycle . . . and then around the corner comes SCREECH.

You slam on the brakes, the bike falls over, you're completely dazed. "Ha, ha, ha" comes out of the car window. What a funny joke to scare her! You pick yourself up, look around, making sure no one saw that stupid little scene, glimpse at the bicycle which is totally unharmed, and start off again, shaking and trembling every time a dog growls or a policeman turns his flashlight on you.

At last you reach the quiet river. It's about one. There are a few people sitting in sampans, stuffing gooey rice into their mouths. Which way to go? One way leads to the dead end; the other goes to the ominous and pounding sea. Is it to be a frightening ride? To the sea then — past the clanking of the chains that hold the many houseboats to the shore. The scurry of the rats as they go in front of you, stopping long enough to decide if they should attack the bicycle, doesn't phase you any longer.

The moon is a small sliver hidden behind a gray cloud. No stars are out. It's pitch black except for the various kerosene lanterns which are hung from the sampans. A raucous laugh; you turn, almost calmly, to see from where it comes. It's a drunken Frenchman. You speed up, bumping along the dirt road, dodging cats and dogs. Someone hears the bicycle and looks out the window, wide-eyed and full of awe. You glance at him and go on. The sea is a few more miles, soon you'll be in a quiet village. The fishy smell of Nouc Mam waves past your nose. You know you're passing the storage depot. A dog howls. It's too much. You scream, pedalling faster and faster, bumping, bumping. An army truck round the corner it comes up behind you, the headlights shining like monsters' eyes, projecting your shadow on the sign that gives instructions to villagers, telling them what to do when they see a communist. It scares you more. What if you get caught by the Viet Cong?

You pedal faster and faster, off into the dark, shadowy night.

MARY JANE SHEPPARD, '61

HAYOTO was jerked from his world of sleep by a loud and excited voice. He slowly turned over and opened his heavy eyes. A young man was standing over him. His face was flushed with excitement. Hayoto groaned and then hoisted himself up to a sitting position.

"It's rather early you know," he said in a voice edged with sarcasm. He glanced at his watch. "It's only four. What's happened?"

The young man plopped himself down on the futon¹. His dark eyes gleamed with anticipation. "Nothing has happened . . . " he paused dramatically. ". . . yet." He paused again, leaned over towards Hayoto and whispered, "They're going to start today."

Hayoto blinked his eyes sleepily. "What are you talking about?" he muttered. "No, don't explain. I don't want to know. It's only four and I have an exam at nine. I need some sleep." He began to settle down again. The young man stopped him with his hand.

"The demonstrations!" he whispered furiously. "They're starting today — in a few hours."

Hayoto sat up quickly. "You mean against Kishi? THE demonstrations?" He got up and walked over to his small window. He stared out at the still dark skies and the filthy alley below. A light went on in the building across from him. Voices babbled confusedly. The words "socialism", "Asanuma" and "Kishi" filtered through the morning air.

Hayoto turned around and looked at his friend with sparkling eyes. "Where did you find out?" he asked excitedly.

His friend joined him at the window, glancing at the alley. "I went to the meeting. It just ended." He leaned back against the wall, and lit a half used cigarette.

Hayoto moved over to his closet and started to put on his frayed black school uniform. "I didn't have time to go," he said regretfully. "I've been studying for the exam half the night." Suddenly

¹ *The Japanese equivalent of a bed*

he turned around. His face was darkened. "The exam! I forgot. I don't think I can join you, Hiroshi. I have to take it. It's too important to miss."

Hiroshi looked at him incredulously. "You're going to forego helping the cause for an exam?"

Hayoto looked at his friend with troubled eyes. "I can't miss it," he repeated. "I must do well. I owe it to my parents."

"What good will an exam do you?" Hiroshi yelled. "Socialism is what will help us! If you do well on this exam, you'll only have to take another, and another, and another . . ." He waved his arms violently. "Then maybe you'll graduate. Then what will you do? If you're lucky, very lucky, you'll get a good job, or maybe you'll just drive a taxi." He paused to see what effect his speech had on Hayoto.

Hayoto gazed pensively at a card which certified that he was a member of the socialist party of Japan. He had joined it a few months ago in a moment of depression. It was when he hadn't been able to pay his rent for two months. Some of his fellow students had been saying that socialism would gradually take over and that life would improve immensely; life hadn't improved immensely but he had to admit that it was more exciting. The thought of revolutionizing the country and installing a new government appealed to Hayoto as it did to many of his friends.

His musing was interrupted by the noise of people running about in the corridor outside his room. Someone knocked on his door and then slid it open. The face of a young man appeared. "Are you two coming?" he shouted.

Hiroshi nodded. He looked for a minute at Hayoto and then walked quickly out of the room.

Hayoto gazed unseeingly at the half opened door. He picked up one of the books that had been lying on the floor and flipped carelessly through the pages. He could hear in the street faint cries which gradually became louder as it became lighter outside. A few microphones blared out orders in the distance. Suddenly he threw his book on the futon. He slipped through the door and raced down the corridor into the street. He stopped a minute, listened carefully, and then started running again. The noise became louder as he ran. He became aware of a few other students running by his side and then suddenly they were swallowed up by the teeming crowd. People were screaming frenziedly on either side of him. Someone shoved a rope into his hand. He felt

himself being moved by an irrepressible force and then noticed that he was one of the links in a snake dance. The frenzied screaming soon became an organized chant. Hayoto felt a chill of excitement tingle up and down his spine as he joined the chant and fell into the rhythm of the writhing snake dance.

Must one hide alone
To grow a poem —
Creep to his lonely place
And spin soft syllables
Out of space?

JULIE OWEN, '61

Perfection

The fly flits from cheese to cake
In black and blue flashes,
Until he meets, sadly,
The wire screen of the Shure-Kill Swat.

The mouse sits in hole all day.
At night he tiptoes straight
Toward the breadbox, where
An Acme MouseSnap awaits him.

The bear stomps so securely
Through the greenish forest
That he dreams not of
The jaws of the Zenith Bearcatcher.

The question is, what will they call,
What will they name
That which
To Hiroshima already came?

ANDRÉE CONRAD, '62



Susannah

“ . . . And so with this conclusion we will end the second of the four discussions.”

At these words an audible sigh of relief swept throughout the audience. The lecture had been — not dull, but long and perhaps too involved for the teenage listeners. There was a mild scramble to leave the room and to get to the refreshment table in the lobby.

“God, Marty, I never thought that would end!” confided one girl to her date.

“Yeah, I know what you mean. He wasn’t as good tonight as he was last night.” They smiled at each other in their mutual understanding.

He poured a glass of punch for her and one for himself, and in a mock English accent he said, “Che-ahs, Susannah!” as they touched glasses. She laughed easily at that.

They talked lightly and enjoyed the comfortable pauses of their conversation, as old friends do after they’ve talked themselves out.

“Oh, Sue, would you mind if I went upstairs just a minute? I’ll be right down. I just want to get rid of this notebook and get some cigarettes.”

“No. Sure, go ahead,” Sue replied although she wondered what she was going to do, standing alone in a crowd of unfamiliar people.

As soon as he turned his back on her she wondered what people thought of a single girl standing alone. She shifted her weight into a pose which she thought looked indifferent and surveyed her surroundings. While she was observing the group next to her, she noticed a boy coming toward her. He looked interesting, but one shouldn’t look interested in a strange boy; she avoided his eyes. He passed her and continued toward the refreshments. Pleased, she thought that he had been too embarrassed by her poise to approach her.

“Organized place, isn’t it?” a sarcastic voice at her side commented, interrupting her thoughts and surprising her enough to break her pose.

She turned and, to her amazement, saw the boy whom she thought had been embarrassed. She looked at him, confused and not knowing what to do.

Finally she agreed in an equally cynical manner, "Yeah, they've done a great job in planning this for our convenience." She continued to look straight ahead with a bored expression.

"Some characters here. Look like they're really interested in what that guy talks about. What squares!" He laughed to himself at that absurd idea. He, too, looked straight ahead, seemingly ignoring her.

Sue wasn't sure what to reply to this comment, but murmured in a low voice, "I'll say." She even added, "These lectures are impossible. I don't think I can stand two more." She was proud that she could act the way he did. She wondered, though, if she should talk to him naturally, and not act so sarcastic.

He was silent now, content with himself. Sue tried to copy him but was uncomfortable. Nervously she changed her pose again, this time to a position from which she could observe him. He was attractive: tall, dark, with a face that showed definite self-satisfaction. He unexpectedly glanced at her; she was embarrassed that he'd caught her looking interested. Now it seemed that she was the one who was being out-stared and he was the confident starrer.

Suddenly desperate, she completely forgot her indifferent pose and looked wildly around for Marty. She longed for Marty — unaffected Marty. Still conscious of the boy's stare, Sue finally saw Marty working his way through the crowd toward her. At the sight of him she was immediately relieved.

"I'm sorry, Sue, for taking so long," Marty apologized. "Here, have a cigarette." He added jokingly, "You look as though you need one."

BETHIA CRANE, '62

My Last Cadillac

That's my last Cadillac in the garage.
A finer car than Chrysler's Dodge.
Is not that heap a wonder now, fresh from
Charlie Wilson's hands? Would you care for some
Of my Madeira? 'Tis twenty years old,
Aged in cellars in Spain, I am told.
A cigar? used to have them brought in
From Cuba. Can't now. Why'd Castro win?
You like those books, eh? Adds a little culture
To the place — fills up those shelves. Full cure
For insomnia some say; but I sleep
Like a log, exercise playing golf. Keep
In good shape that way, Well, let's get down to
Business. You want a job, eh? Do you
Have any recommendations? Harvard!
I never went to college. Worked hard
All my life. Any summer jobs? Salesman?
Good! In a book store? Any others? Can
You think any reason why you'd be
A good salesman for Fuller Brush Comp'ny?

KARIN MAGID, '61

On Understanding the Winthrops' Country

TO be "North Shore" one must be socially gracious. The ways in which one accomplishes this graciousness are varied. There are parties for the younger set at which eager, aggressive, young ladies, crackling in crinolines, lead doubtful young men in a waltz. Here the basic rules for the correct curtsy and the proper handshake for the hostess are established. Later these little people will hold their own parties. They will be elegant but tasteful. Excessive flourish would be disagreeable to their conservative tastes.

A successful party does not complete one's training. It is necessary to be able to fall gracefully from a horse. A "North Shoreite" who is allergic to horses may have an awkward time trying to be socially gracious.

There are a wide variety of people encompassed within the North Shore. To describe the qualities of one of them would not give an accurate definition of the whole North Shore attitude. There are within this one group of people several sets, whose combined characteristics make up what is known as "North Shore".

The horsey set rises early and dresses hurriedly in tweeds and pinks. Then they chase the fox through the brisk morning air and usually catch colds. After the hunt a breakfast is held. The whole morning has been one of rigorous exercise and delightful social chatter. Recently there have been fewer hunts and more horse-shows. These lack the relaxed feeling of the hunt, and they are keenly competitive. Most of the horsey set truly appreciate fine breeding and good bloodlines. For this reason they buy the best horses. It would not be "North Shore" simply to top your neighbor's purchase. The nicest members are those who are six or sixty. It is common to see granddaughter astride and grandmother sitting side saddle taking a gentle canter together.

Another prominent set is the sporty set. Every social community has one and the North Shore is not an exception. A membership in a country club is a main qualification. This particular group can be seen driving foreign cars. If the car is a convertible, one may also see flashy beach garb or other sport clothes. When they are not dashing to the club or the beach, they are probably holding a wild party. They all are bursting with a gay, exciting spirit.

When one thinks of the North Shore, often an illusion of haughty snobbery forms. This is closely associated with a third

set, the tea set. This set is not merely made up of tea sippers but also includes the more conservative. At this set's gatherings the elder generation pours.

World affairs, concerts, and authors are main topics of conversation. No meeting would be complete without a few juicy tidbits of scandal. This set stands staunch in a pride of ancestry and heritage. Family heirlooms are worn with defiant pride. It is this conservative taste and ancestral pride which provokes their critical surveillance of everything. This in turn is called snobbery.

In spite of a haughty exterior, the tea set is often the most charming. They are not static; instead they have a keen interest in organizations and new societies. Many of them are patrons or patronesses. This activity gives them a chance to help financially, but it also keeps them busy and provides conversation for the next tea.

Being "North Shore" means having a serene confidence in one's self and one's position. This comes from the knowledge that one's family tree is sturdy enough to withstand the sharpest social ax. It is acquired after many years of education and many more of practice. It is not affected by wealth, neither is it hindered greatly by it! Money is accepted; it is not displayed.

Being "North Shore" is a charming combination of a love of fineness, a spicy spirit, and a stately heritage.

ANNE MACDOUGALL, '62

“Poverty is the banana skin on the door-step of romance”

I FEEL, in fact I know, that I was meant to have an exciting life. Why else was I endowed with so much spirit, fortitude, imagination, and strength of character? If I had been born a few hundred years ago, I probably would have gone to sea at the age of twelve and by my present age, twenty, I would have been commanding a fleet of pirate ships. But what am I doing? With a scholarship and a dishwashing job, I'm slaving away at Yale University. What are most of my friends doing? Slaving away at Yale University. But there's a difference. When the weekend comes, my friends all hop into their Triumphs, or Jaguars, or Daddy's Cadillacs and drive to Vassar, or Smith, or Connecticut College for Women. Now that's adventure. But me, I haven't got a chance. I'm washing dishes. And just when I think I've got it made (I'm in the semi-final to get into 'The Sixty-Four Thousand Dollar Question'), I find I haven't got the money to get out to California for the finals. And any how they aren't really interested in me because I don't happen to be related to Jack Kennedy, which is the only way to get anywhere these days. Now, say I was a girl. I could go on 'Queen for a Day', and the broker I was, the better they'd like it. I'd say I didn't have any shoes or something like that. Girls who are broke — they don't have any problems.

“Now say I did have a million dollars. I'd take off to Africa, or, if it got too hot there, I'd try Alaska, and then come back to New York and go to all the debutante parties. You know, something like that. As I said, I haven't got a chance. I haven't even got enough money to buy my mother a Christmas present. I'm building her an electronic computer.”

These are the thoughts of one of the lucky unfortunates of our country. He has not yet realized that poverty is the banana skin from which one tumbles into romance. If his good fortune continues, he will never be bound by servants, limousines, and social position.

ESTHER WANNING, '61

To My Love



Believe it, Love, that I am yours,
Believe that you are mine —
As certain as the winds that blow,
As sure as stars that shine.

Although you're many miles away,
Your memory I will keep
Safe in my thoughts in waking hours,
Safe in my dreams asleep.

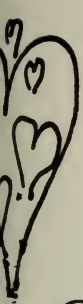
I picture you beside the Seine;
I see you 'neath Big Ben.
I know you're coming home to me —
But, oh, my darling, when?

I wept for days when first you left —
'Twas dismal cold that day;
And all that I have done since then
Is think, and dream, and pray.

I know it's only me you love,
And you are mine for life;
But, dearest, since 'tis I you love
Forget about your wife!

I'm certain she must know by now
That you desire me —
For you have loved me five long years,
And been married only three.

SUE HILL, '61



To a Friend

COME, be my friend. We'll roam the fields together; I will tell you about the flowers in my country, and you'll tell me about the flowers in your country. At dusk when the whip-poor-will sings, we'll sit quietly under the beech tree without even whispering. We won't ask the other what she is thinking, because at a time like this it is wrong for even a friend to probe into the private thoughts of another. And when it's dark, let's sit inside, close to the fire, and think deep thoughts. When we've thought enough, we can discuss serious things — death, religion, problems of the world. Although we won't agree, we will respect the other's individual ideas. I'll confide in you, — tell you that I don't believe in Christ or the Bible, and that I've always secretly wanted to be a sun-worshipper. You will say, "Yes, I know how you feel; I've always wanted to be a Zen Buddhist." After that, I know we'll feel better, knowing that someone else has the same disbeliefs as ourselves. And then you will admit that you have been terribly homesick; by the light of the fire, I'll see tears in your eyes. I'll try to comfort you, and find myself thinking about home, too. We'll be united by this small, but common, grief. You will start talking about that happiest Christmas that you spent with your parents years ago; I will ejaculate, "Yes, we did that, too." The tears on our faces will dry soon, and we'll be gay. I like you because you are not one of those popular ring leaders, with your friends revolving around you, carrying out your every demand. You like me because my ideas of life are simple — I am basically a simple person — and you find my sincerity appealing.

Yes, we must be friends. We need each other — I am loud and you are shy; we meet somewhere in the middle when we are together. We will laugh with others, while sipping cokes at the drugstore, but when we're alone we'll be our real selves. We will confide in one another; we'll tell our most secret dreams and sins; we'll look toward the future together. The Bible says that if you love those who love you, small credit is that to you. Friendship is not a credit, but a benefit; if we become friends, each of us will have the trust, respect, sincerity, and companionship of the other.

KATHIE KRAUSE, '62

The Ruler of the Home

MR. Norman trudged wearily up the narrow path to his modest suburban home; a vague smile curled lazily on his parted lips as he anticipated the sizzling steak he would soon be savoring. As he pushed against the flimsy, yellow door, a gust of wind gently swept him into a low, dark hallway. Quickly he slipped his overcoat from his stooped shoulders and groped in the open closet until his fingers closed around the familiar coldness of the taut wire hanger, upon which he draped his coat. This done, he turned slowly and shuffled toward the flickering blue light that shone like a guiding star from the next room. As he entered the shadowy room, he stumbled over a human form lying prostrate on the hard, black floor.

A shrill voice pierced the heavy air, "Have you been feeling sluggish lately? If so . . ."

"Billy, turn down the T.V. will you please?" interrupted a softer feminine voice. "Nice to see you home so early, Dear. I guess I can start dinner now." He nodded in agreement and sank into the bulging green chair that was conveniently placed so that one could look at television, look out the small bay window, or read a book without visibly shifting one tired muscle.

After Indian upon Indian had fallen senseless across the wavering television screen, and after Wild Bill had proudly brandished his shiny six shooters for the awaiting heroine, a smiling blonde strolled gracefully into a spotless, porcelain kitchen and beamed radiantly at Mr. Norman via a splotchy screen.

"Why not give your wife a night off, Mister? Why not buy her Swanson's delicately cooked, elegantly garnished T.V. Treat dinners? Just wait 'til you sink your teeth into our new meat loaf platter."

The children giggled with excitement. "Mommy, let's have dinner right way!" they whined. Proudly they carried their trays into the room and placed them on the card table. Mr. Norman's mouth fell open as his eyes came to rest on the bold red letters staring at him from the side of his gray tray, "T.V. Treat". Slowly he picked up his tarnished fork. As he probed the shapeless mass of meat in front of him, it crumbled noiselessly. Only after numerous maneuvers was he able to "sink his teeth into it". He grimaced slightly and peered cautiously at the children, who were gaily stuffing the many colorless mounds into their open mouths. He opened his own mouth to speak, but the words that vibrated

through the room were not his. "Do you need a laxative? Doctor Carter's Little Liver Pills gently relieve — " Mr. Norman sputtered and reached for the tall glass of water that glistened in front of him.

"Here, have a cigarette, Dear," murmured his most understanding wife. He faltered, then struck a match. A slight, satisfied sigh escaped him as the soothing effects of the nicotine filled his lungs. He carelessly shoved the littered tray away from him and once again focused his attention on the flickering screen. A tall, intelligent-looking man stood staring shrewdly at a large chart that hung from a blank wall.

"Yes, Friends, doctors agree ordinary cigarettes *do* contain cancer-producing particles, but a new improved No Nics absolutely don't." Mr. Norman looked searchingly at his wife, who firmly smothered the feeble glint at the end of her cigarette and carefully wrote on a torn piece of paper — must get No Nics. Furtively he moved the cigarette to his mouth, drew one long last puff of smoke, and as the hazy blue smoke lingered, then strayed from his mouth, he gazed vacantly at the dots of the familiar gray lights which streamed faithfully from the other houses along the street. The well-informed voice continued "Remember, the man who thinks for himself smokes No Nics. So think for yourself! Smoke No Nics!" Reassured, Mr. Norman smiled meekly.

JUDY JORDAN, '61



The King of the World

A Short Play in One Scene

(Scene: On the cloud-enshrouded peak of Olympus, Zeus sits alone in a vast gold chair in a vast room of his vast and empty palace. The window is open, and wreaths of mist float continually in. The whole room is lit by a soft red glow that comes from outside the window. Zeus is muttering to himself as he scribbles away in his diary. All around his chair are heaped volumes of the same, and an enormous inkwell sits to one side.)

Zeus: (still muttering to himself) August 15, 1960. Another day just like yesterday and the day before that and probably tomorrow when nothing exciting has happened except that another page has been turned and I refilled the inkwell and the fog seems a little wetter. (snaps the book closed) Zounds! This place just oozes monotony! And yet it was only last year that I last checked the weather . . . (settles back) Oh yes, I can see dismay in your faces. (leans forward) You would never believe, would you, that I am Zeus, King of Men, Zeus, the Earthshaker, Zeus, the Invincible! (settles back again) All the others are gone. They went when men forgot us. Oh, we knew it was coming. First it was those sacrifices — white goats and cattle were getting scarce, so they gave us pigeons — pigeons! AND watery wine, if any at all! So then they left our shrines to the dogs. We lost our hold on the people. All the others went. They said they wanted to enjoy life! Today Poseidon sells fishcakes in a sidewalk cafe on Madison Avenue; Apollo plays the flute for the Boston Philharmonic; Venus manicures wealthy women in a Spanish beauty parlor, and Thor himself pilots a four-engine jet non-stop from Lower East Hinkleyville, Kansas, to Mau-Mau, South Africa. The rest have gone to similar fates, leaving me to rule the world.

Rule the world? You laugh. (Leans forward confidentially) But listen. My secret now comes out! You think I have nothing left, but I do, Oh yes! (snickers looking out window. Suddenly the red glow brightens, and a fire crackles outside.) You hear? That is my only weapon, my last bit of fire, very small, and yet with it I can end the world! By Jove, you won't see me selling peanuts in the zoo while I have this last power! (leans forward menacingly) And I'll use it, too, you can be sure. Don't be surprised if you wake up one morning to find yourself burned to a crisp! (chuckles as he leans

back, takes up his pen, and prepares to write. Suddenly, crashes are heard outside, and a man dressed in the attire of an Olympic runner leaps through the window, his cleats crunching on the floor.)

Runner: Like, man, what a pad! Hey, old buddy boy, old chum, don't mind if I take your fire, do you? I've got a long way to go, 'cause it's held in Rome this year, and I don't want to keep the crowds waiting, you know, terrible bad for business, which is bad enough anyway. Well, thanks, old boy, gotta trot out and light my torch. Just send the bill to the Olympic Fund. You can get a decal, too, to stick on the bumper of your car. Well, Toodley-oo! (crashes back through window, red glow brightens, fire crackles, then slowly it fades away, and the scene gets darker and darker as the crashes recede down the mountain. Through it all, Zeus stares blankly at the runner, now turns dazedly around.)

Zeus: Odds life! My secret weapon, my fire, gone to sport-mad fans . . . Rue, rue . . . (slowly picks up diary and scribbles away, muttering to himself, as red glow leaves the scene in pitch black) Another day, just like yesterday and perhaps a year ago the day before, and most likely tomorrow, when nothing noticeable will happen except that maybe I might turn another page and JOY! perhaps fill the inkwell, and maybe even check the weather. Who knows what exciting possibilities the day may bring?

(Curtain)

DEBORAH FITTS, '63

He perched upon the rocky ledge,
Lost beneath the storm and night,
Crouched and clutching in the wet,
Trembling with a strange delight.

The heavens shook and ripped with flame
To spit upon the sea below,
Groaning curses in her ear
To drown her strength and crush her flow.

The sea rose up from tortured depths
To roll and crash into the sky,
Surging high with angry foam
To black and blind the flashing eye.

Nature cracked and split apart
To twist and tear alone, this night.
Upon the rocks a child's eyes
Burst wide to hold the naked sight.

LEE ERICKSON, '61

My Refuge

"**A**BBY, stop it this minute!" my mother said angrily. Tears filled my eyes. Impulsively I flung out of the house, slamming the door. I ran along the path to the beach, stumbling over rocks and stumps in the darkness. At last I was on the beach. There was the canoe, its silver sides gleaming like a beacon. I pushed it into the water. It made hard, grating sounds, protesting against the sand. Then it slipped into the water. I climbed into the canoe unsteadily and gained my seat. In the water the canoe was almost a living thing, moving with every current. I dipped my paddle into the water, making whirlpools at the end of every stroke. The canoe skimmed over the water.

I paddled for a long time, until my anger was spent. Then I lay back along the gunwales of the canoe, and looked at the night. It was a beautiful night. The moon made a pathway on the lake. I had followed it unconsciously, and now the canoe was bathed in moonlight. The stars were pin-pricks of light, vying with each other in beauty. The sky was a black velvet. I cannot remember its ever being so black. The trees were silhouettes against the light of the moon. They reared up their tips gently, swaying a little in the breeze. The whole night was filled with a comforting gentleness. Out here my mind was filled with the beauty and goodness of nature. My concerns seemed petty and unimportant. Gradually I turned my attention to them, putting the beauty of the night from me with an effort.

I made my eyes look at his house. From here it was small and inconsequential, just as he was. Maybe my mother was right. I should not let him hurt me. He was not that important. Sitting inside the house I could only think about him, wondering what he was doing. The house had seemed to close in around me, until it was hard to breathe. In the middle of the lake there was room for my thoughts. Some people say that in such an atmosphere, one's problems will melt away. Mine did not. They only expanded and gave me room to think clearly. The night put things back into proportion again.

From far down the lake came faint strains of music and laughter. That was where he was. He only went out to have a good time. I had had a chance to go, but I was not willing to share him with other people. If I could not have him completely, I would not have him at all. Then the whole thing seemed a little ridiculous.

I joined my laughter to the laughter down the lake. I decided to try to be the friend he wanted me to be. I smiled happily. The trees nodded back at me, and the moon shone benevolently. I paddled slowly back to shore. The canoe grated on the beach, but not in protest now. As I walked towards the house, I did not stumble in the darkness.

ABBY VON DER HYDE, '62

On Oublie

On oublie hélas!

Chaque précieux instant de la vie.

Les jours passant sans cesse;

Les heures, les minutes

Marchant

sans un

bruit

sans une

pensée.

On oublie heureusement!

Le défiguré sens de guerre.

On ne voit pas les nuages gris,

Les pensées noires.

On voit seulement

Les fleurs

Les arbres

Le soleil.

BARBARA OSBORNE, '61

Most Men Are Islands

JOHN Donne once said, "No man is an island, entire of itself." This statement should be revised to be: most men are islands, concerned mainly with themselves, using their relationships with other men as means of gaining sympathy and understanding of their own thoughts.

Most men are born with an inordinate pride in their own intelligence and clear, cold logic. An individual's opinions are sacred to him, and he cannot conceive of others preferring to consider their own ideas. He may spend hours attempting to enlighten his friends by explaining to them the theories which he considers to be essential to life. He should know that this attempt, although perhaps well-delivered and logical will have very little effect on the ideas of his listeners. They listen, very likely unspeakably bored, thinking how they would prefer to be showing him what they consider to be the important theories of existence. The individual man needs an occasional audience and revels in his opportunity when it is presented to him.

Mutual friendship is a direct result of the need of man to have someone to listen to him. It is a bargain. Each man realizes that he will be listened to only if he listens, and so he finds someone whose ideas are not overly distasteful to him and condescends to listen to him, with the tacit agreement that he will have an audience, although not always a sympathetic one, for his own expressed views. It is a good working arrangement.

This type of arrangement often deteriorates if people live together for a long period of time. No one even bothers to listen; everyone launches forth into his own monologue. There is no communication, and all parties appear inexpressibly happy, for they have an audience without having to be one.

As an example of this deterioration, take two girls who have lived together for a year at school, and who are discussing a dance from which they have both just returned. Their "conversation" might be as follows:

"Betty, aren't you glad we decided to go?"

"Uh-huh. It was really neat. Did you see me dancing with Dex?"

"Yes . . . He really looked nice . . . I hope I see him again."

"I know what you mean. His jacket smelled so nice."

"Whose — John's?"

"No, Dex's."

"Oh. Well, John's did, too."

"Boy. He's the best dancer, though!"

"Who — John?"

"No, Dex. I wonder if I'll see him again."

"Well, John is a good dancer, too. I love his eyes."

"Dex is so divine, I could positively scream."

These two girls have illustrated an extremely time-saving system. Each has told the story of her evening in the time it would normally take for one if the other party were interested enough to listen, and both of them have had the satisfaction of relating their adventures and feelings.

Unfortunately, as I have stated before, it is not in the nature of the human animal to be vitally concerned with the problems and interests of others. Anyone who is truly involved with the affairs of others can be classified as an exceptionally selfless human being or even a saint. These people, however, are extremely rare. It is generally the fate of man to be forever delivering his own views to the invisible, but omnipresent wall which separates man from man, the wall of selfishness and egoism.

CAROL ULE, '61



The cemetery sleeps: In perfect rest
The souls, from mundane cares at last released,
Are buried in the earth; the striving's ceased.
With harmony these acres have been blest.
Outside, the world by changing times oppressed
Can see no temperance; rebellious word
And grating voices from the crowds are heard:
But here, the souls are silent — motionless.
One foggy afternoon I walked alone
On winding gravel paths and sodden earth
And felt the tranquil moments passing by.
A stagnant pond where daffodils had grown
Lay near the graves. And here, I wondered why
I chose to pick the sign of spring and birth.

MARTHA FARNSWORTH, '61

Is it rain? Has it come yet?
The ivy whispers so deceptively
That I thought that rain had come.

Yes, yes, that's it, just listen to
The soft sweet moans of water dripping
From the ivy to the street below.

You said to me it wasn't so!
Rain couldn't come when we
Had had so many perfect days.

Although the rain is comforting,
I feel alone, and strange, as though within
A barren room with people I don't know.

ALICE HELFFERICH, '62



The Turning Point

IT is a truth universally acknowledged that a determined person can be turned from his purpose by a very small occurrence. Such was the case of Albert Kessler, an artist who had recently given an exhibition at the Lefebvre Gallery in New York. The Gallery's patrons were not impressed with Mr. Kessler's "uninhibited" style. Mr. Kessler was being upset in his small unclean apartment on MacDougall Street. He was in such a rage over their reception of his paintings that he actually felt physically ill when he thought of the impercipience of those patrons.

He went to the medicine chest and took the last pill from a bottle on the top shelf. He left the bathroom and went to sit at his desk. He laid the pill on the desk. Then he set his elbows down and thoughtfully rested his chin on them. But his elbow knocked the pill off the desk. It fell to the floor with a sound like a short roll of drums. He leaned to pick it up; it dropped again and rolled far into a corner near the bookcase. When he reached to get it there, he pushed it into the dust behind a cranny the bookcase made with the wall. He knelt on the floor and peered into the gloom under the bookcase. Its white glow shone out from the midst of a tuft of dust. It looked like a very valuable object placed on a dark velvet pillow. He carefully dragged the pillow and its sacred charge out of the corner. He plucked the object from its pillow, dropping this one-time retainer on the floor. He delicately dusted the pill off, as if he were patting a cherished rodent. His finger flicked the pill onto the floor again and it rolled to a floor heating vent, teetered on the edge for a moment, and fell with a metallic crash into the pipe from the furnace. He laughed and said, "Damm those critics."

ANDRÉE CONRAD, '62

Posters

Look at the valley, the snow, the sky;
Skimming its rope comes the skimobile,
Its thick black cords whiten the snow.
A streaking bright ball 'gainst the valley, the sky.

Look at the child. The blonde, the negro
Selling a rose in the market place.
It is so bright and will charm the child,
But innocence is gone for the blonde, the negro.

Look at the castle, the beach, the sea,
Brightening the shore, twin-masted boats.
Oldness has gone, 'tis a tourist castle,
And newness has come to the beach, the sea.

Look at the child, the sea, the sky;
Search out beyond the infinity line;
Give a net for the fish to the child,
And send his soul past the sea, the sky.

Look at me with my dream and my hope,
Staring at posters cold on the wall,
With books at my hand to heighten my dream,
And trials tomorrow to deaden my hope.

CAROLINE THOMAS, '62

Abstractions

THE taxi came to a screeching halt in front of me. A hairy and intricately tattooed arm stretched to the back seat and opened the door. I stumbled in quickly.

"Wher ya wanna go?" the driver asked, flicking on his meter.

"Grand Central," I answered, settling back on the torn plastic-covered seat. He nodded, scratched himself, and then swung precariously into the heavy traffic.

"Bad day," he grunted, jamming a frayed, half-smoked cigar into his mouth. I muttered something to the affirmative. "I don't mean the weather or nothin'," he said, waving his arm out the window at the small patch of blue sky just visible above Bonwit's. "Just a bad day."

He scratched himself again, and then decided to try a new topic. "You ever been to the Guggenheim?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering what was coming next.

"Took my wife there last Sunday. Thought I'd see what it's like. Take people there every day. You'd think a guy couldn't live without goin' to the Guggenheim." We pulled up behind a green bus advertising Marlboros.

"What did you think of it?" I asked.

He took off his cap and rubbed vigorously at his balding head. "Kind of a queer place, sort of interesting though." He paused. "Wife didn't like it much, said it was a waste of money." The bus started to move. He took his cigar out of his mouth and craned his neck out of the window.

"Gotta get around that thing," he muttered, nodding at the bus. He pounded at his horn and moved perilously past the bus.

"Ever heard of Miro?" he asked as he cut sharply in front of the bus.

"Yes," I gulped.

"Saw some of his stuff. Some of 'em looked like stuff my kid brings home, and let me tell you, my kid ain't no artist!" he exclaimed with vehemence.

I cringed. "I like his pictures. I think . . ."

"Yer nuts," he stated flatly as he spat the tip of a fresh cigar out the window. "You know that guy who died recently? What's his name? He was in LIFE."

"Jackson Pollock."

"Yeh, that's him. There was one of his there, too." He shook his head in disgust. "What the world's coming to. The guy must've been nuts. Just spattered paint all over the place." He waved both of his arms around and then grabbed quickly at the steering wheel. "Almost missed the turn," he said calmly.

"I ain't all against the place, understand," he said seriously, as we approached the station. He paused. "Had some pretty good nudes," he added sheepishly.

He swung his tatoored arm to the back seat to open the door. I quickly stumbled out.

EILEEN CHRISTELOW, '61



can spring be far behind... ?



The Abbot Courant

June 1981

The Abbot Courant

VOLUME LXXXIX

JUNE 1961

NUMBER 3



PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

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Published 3 times Yearly: December, March, June
Printed by the Eagle-Tribune Printing, Lawrence, Mass.

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Au Courant

ANOTHER school year has elapsed — an obvious statement, true, but one that should not go unsaid. It has such a final quality that one cannot refrain from constantly rolling it complacently across the tongue.

For the majority of girls, next September will mean a return to the familiar routines and challenges of Abbot. For the departing Seniors, however, the future cannot be so easily predicted. The unforeseeable years ahead appear to them exciting, but terrifying. College in itself will be, it is hoped and expected, a stimulating experience, but the big challenge will come later. Upon leaving college, complete with an Education, these unsuspecting females will find themselves Modern Women let loose in a Modern World.

The question arises: what part will they play in human society? The majority will probably marry, but will they want to settle into the routine of the typical housewife? Will they not want to use their hard-won educations to ends more constructive than mere housewifery? A woman well-trained for a profession will most naturally want to do her part in furthering the lot of mankind. However, she will also desire a husband, children, and a home where she can satisfy her wifely and maternal urges.

One solution to this problem will be available to her: to lead a double existence — in her job, a life of professional competence and, in her home, one of loving domesticity. She will have to be capable of making the transition from businesswoman to housewife in order to lead a normal married life and thus to keep both her husband and herself happy.

It is hoped that, when these present-day Seniors go out into the World, they will take all opportunities for doing something with their knowledge, even in event of marriage.

Please, let us not sink into the mind-stagnating routines of Laundromats and Bridge Clubs. Let us use the knowledge we have gained through so much labor. Let us be a generation of original-thinking, constructive women.



I Remember Running

HOW many times have I run? I remember running when I was five — playing 'horse' with a little bit of string in my mouth, straining, my master behind me . . . I remember 'keep away', and I could run faster than anyone else, and my legs aching, but running on to catch them anyway . . . I remember hockey and running from one end of the field to the other after the wooden ball, and my lungs aching from the cold as if they would burst, and my heart pounding, and the exhilaration of making a goal . . . I remember running along the beach, and chasing sea-gulls and watching their inverted wavelet shapes fade off into the distance; and I remember running in and out of the foam, and kicking up spray and plunging through the waves . . . I remember running up sand dunes, through the soft giving sand — and fighting like a squirrel in a cage until I got up that last dune and was safe and had a cigarette when I had stopped panting . . . I remember plunging through snow drifts, and falling exhausted in the cool soft loveliness of it; and I remember watching my frosted breath and hearing the soundlessness of snow falling . . . I remember running across hot summer's grass and flopping down on it, and breathing in the musk of summer, and watching the grass move . . . I remember running through the hurricane, the wind tearing at my clothes and the rain driving against me with the wind, and I defied them both . . . I remember running with my dog down into the sand-pit, plunging down the cliffs and scrambling up and running down again until we reached the grassy top of the last cliff, and rested exhilarated by the height we had won . . . I remember running down Fifth Avenue through the ice and snow in the sun, and stopping to throw snowballs at pigeons, and bury a mouse, and ask the police-man where his horse was, and push a shopping cart left on the side-walk, and stop to talk to the chestnut man, and walk — finally — eating the chestnuts . . . I remember running down the country road and across the frozen field, and to the paved road, and stopping to talk to cows and be licked and mooed at, and stopping again to see the horse that tried to eat our gloves; and I remember running back, jostling to

kick a piece of wood, kicking and pushing and laughing . . . I remember running through leaves, and falling and rolling in the lovely autumn smell . . . I remember running up hills in San Francisco and stopping exhausted, and then running some more because there was always another hill and another view . . . I remember running from a beach party up through the dunes and on and on until I was free, and it was quiet, and the waves whispered in and I remember singing and the moon came out . . . I remember the freedom and the exhilaration, and the wind going through me and stopping me . . . I remember stopping, and smelling the air full of sea or sun or autumn or snow or life or death . . . I remember loving when I stopped running to live and then running again . . . I remember the warmth and release of finding the place I had been running to find . . .

And the peace and the solitude and myself that I always found . . .

KARIN MAGID, '61

Ann Fahnstock | Freedom Is Disillusioning

I WALKED through the dark station. The crowds were swarming by on either side. I carried my saxophone in one hand and my music in the other. The cold weather had split my reed. I was furious. I was not allowed to buy another. Boys are not allowed downtown during the week. I had missed a concert rehearsal, my lesson, and two practice periods. The school wouldn't let me be in the next concert. My marks weren't good enough. I should study more. I didn't care if I failed my courses. I wanted to be with my saxophone. I wanted to make music. I wanted to be a professional musician. I didn't want to go to school. I didn't want to be a social climber like my parents. My parents wanted me to go to Princeton. I wanted to go to a Conservatory. God gave people equal rights. My parents were taking mine away from me. I could take care of myself. I wanted to get a job in a music company. I wanted to live my own life. I had done it the last summer. I could do it now. I hated school. Teachers wouldn't associate with the students. Most of them were so old. They didn't understand the younger generation.

I had grown up in Boston. I knew the city well, but I realized that I didn't know where I was going. Two of the boys I worked with this summer lived in New York. They had an apartment. I didn't have enough money to go to New York. My parents lived in Chicago. I didn't want to go home. We owned a house on the Cape. I could go to the Cape and get a job. If I got the right job, I could live the way I wanted. I could have a lot of fun. I could be saxophonist in a show every night or two.

I looked at the exit ahead. The corridor branched off on either side just in front of it. One tunnel led upstairs and the other still ran along underground. I stayed on the lower level. I noticed some telephone booths and, without thinking, directed my steps toward them. I found myself taking out a coin. I must have been thinking about my roommate subconsciously. I decided to call him. He worried a lot. I had been gone five hours. I dialed the number. I had talked to the switchboard operator every day.

Her voice sounded far away. She gave the name of the school and asked to whom I wished to speak. I gave the name. It was a while before I heard my roommate.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Dave. This is Bud."

"It is? Where are you?"

"South Station."

"You are? What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, Dave, but I wanted to tell you not to worry."

"No, no, of course not. But Bud, where are you going?"

"I can't tell you because the school will find out."

"Are you going to stay in a hotel?"

"No. I can't afford it."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I'm thinking of breaking into our house on the Cape. Just don't worry, Dave. I'm going to be all right."

For a moment, neither of us could think of anything to say. I could tell that Dave was upset. Finally, he ended the silence. His voice cracked.

"Be sure to write, Bud."

"I will, Dave. Have a lot of fun this year."

"I can't Bud . . . Please come back."

"I can't now. It's too late."

"No, it isn't, Bud."

"They'll kick me out if I come back."

"No, they won't."

"They did two years ago when those other boys ran away."

"But they got all the way to New York."

"Listen, Dave. I've muddled things up so much, I can't come back."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to."

"You don't?"

"I can't."

There was a click. I thought for a moment that Dave had hung up. Then I heard another voice.

"Hello, Bud. Is this Benjamin Craft?"

"Yes."

I realized I was speaking to the headmaster.

"Tell me, Bud, where are you now?"

"I'm in South Station."

"Oh, you are? Well, do you know where you are going?"

"No."

"Well, do you have enough money?"

"I have about six dollars."

"That won't take you very far."

"No."

"Would you like us to bring you some more?"

"No. I'll be O.K."

"Well, Bud, I don't know what you would like to do, but wouldn't it be better to come back here? You could get packed and leave from here in a little more organized manner. Would you like to do that?"

"I don't know."

"Well, it would be much easier. You don't want to come back?"

I sat dumbfounded in the telephone booth. I didn't answer for a few seconds. I didn't know where I was going. I would be out all by myself. I thought of my poor roommate, and Jerry, and Roy, and Carl. They were all friends. I had only been gone five hours. I felt as if I hadn't seen them in a week.

"Yes, I do want to come back."

"Oh, you do? Well, that changes things a bit. I don't know when the train comes back. Would you like someone to come to get you?"

"No. I'll come back."

"Shall I send a taxi for you when you get to the station?"

"No. I'll walk."

"I just looked it up, and the train leaves at 9:40. We will see you then?"

"Yes."

"Well, here's Dave."

"Hello, Bud. Well, are you coming back?"

"I said I was. I don't know if I should though."

"Yes. Do."

"What will happen to me?"

"Nothing, probably. Not that many people know about it."

"All right, I'll see you later then."

"Swell. I'll see you tonight."

I heard Dave sigh like I've never heard him sigh before.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

I paid my overtime charges. I stepped out of the phone booth. I picked up my saxophone and my music. I looked up. I saw an advertisement for a Boston Celtics' game in Boston Garden starting at 7:30. I headed for the exit. It was now 7:15. I planned to buy a ticket to the game.

The Last Snow

A whisper in the night,
A cloud of white in day,
The birds are put to flight,
The world does not feel gay.

Whispers of gentle snow
Have fallen gracefully
Upon green grass below.
The spring hides silently.

Hope will return again:
Small crocuses appear;
The steady sound of rain
Announces spring is near.

ELIZABETH WOOD, '62

Silver Sun-Light

The
Silver sun among the trees,
hidden under silver leaves
and snow of a winter late,
glows, but does not radiate.

A
Child peers closely at the frost
and wonders at the wind-tossed
leaves that swirl and dance their will
'round the frozen sun-light still.

Our
Awe at many natural things,
whip-poor-will that nightly sings
or lemon moons shining clear
the still, hot nights of the year,

Can
Bring us closer to the child,
who stoops to smell a flow'r, smiles
at a squirrel by a well
and who, in innocence, dwells.

ALICE HELFFERICH, '62

Hands

THEY were from the Ukraine. Their daughter was German. Now they are nothing, but they have a home — for a while.

He sits looking at his hands. He puts the fingers of one hand together with those of the other. Then he forms a circle with his thumbs and first fingers. This makes his hand the frame of a globe. An idea! He clutches the piece of marble he picked up near a newly-built house. The fingers work now, for hours shaping the stone into a sphere. A week later, the image of the globe of his hands stands on the table, surrounded by chips and pieces of marble. This is what he has done for months, except for telephoning every now and then to the Ministry of Foreign Relations to ask, then beg, for his family's papers.

She does something, too. She works in the house of a rich American. This is how she keeps her daughter in school and feeds the three of them. When she walks home from the American's house, she looks to the ground, not because she works now when servants used to do the work in her family's house, but because she is looking for suitable rocks for her husband to mold.

It began with the Bolsheviks. Petr was twenty. His father led the town in all matters, directed the boys' Gymnasium. Petr graduated from the Gymnasium and, at the time of the Bolsheviks' rise, helped a watchmaker in the afternoons. Clara was seventeen and was learning how to sew and cook. Her father, a well-to-do land-owner, received each day another offer for her hand.

But the school was taken away from Petr's father, the watches taken away from his friend. The bids for Clara's hand no longer came because her father no longer owned any land. Petr fled with a group of young people like himself to Yugoslavia, taking with them only those who could fend for themselves.

They went from Yugoslavia to a Displaced Persons' camp in Italy. There Clara got a set of papers that stated she had worked in the Red Cross. They constituted her only identification, but any identification was priceless to them. She married Petr for protection; he married her for the papers. They lived for months in Italy. Then they were sent to Germany, where Lori was born twelve years ago. Then some South American countries offered to take thirteen thousand immigrants, limiting the offer to those who had papers.

Their identification was taken upon entry in the country and kept "for future reference". Now Petr sits in sunny Caracas making things of stone, metal, clay, anything, with his proud, skillful hands.

Clara's hands turn red, washing and polishing. But her eyes shine when she takes into those hands the money left under the sugar bowl for her pay. She wishes those few pieces of paper in her hands were not money, but instead the papers that are in the hands of the Ministry.

ANDRÉE CONRAD, '62

Too Much Future

I sat in a chair and stared at the wall.
My hands rested idly on the blank white sheet.
The ink on my pen dried up, 'til it all
Turned black. I would not admit defeat.

All day I had tried in so many ways
To write a theme that wasn't due
'Til next week, so I could spend the first days
Of Spring in freedom, with nothing to do.

But here it was, the end of the day.
I still hadn't done a thing. In despair
I got up and quickly went away
From the gray walls, into the fresh cool air.

I saw the rays of the sinking sun
And then I knew that Spring had spread
Through here before, for it had begun
While I was in darkness; looking ahead.

CATHY WILKERSON, '62

An Aquatic Paradise

THE sun shines brightly and it is hot, but it doesn't seem to matter. The sun's rays paint angular pictures on the water. Perhaps just a curved line or the outlines of the nearby bushes are reflected. A cloud passes over the sun, and the bushes disappear, and only the dark brown water remains.

Insects appear sometimes in swarms and sometimes as solitary organisms. Lonely water bugs make patterns in the water as they attempt to propel themselves forward. They never go anywhere; they always travel in irregular circles. Dragon flies alight on the dry surface of the lily pads. Their thin, membranous wings are etched with tiny veins which form an intricate pattern. Swarms of minute insects appear suddenly and then disappear.

Spotted frogs jump from one object to another. It doesn't matter what sort of an object it is, as long as it is sturdy enough to support their weight. The frog's hind legs extend and contract and then extend again. Then he is gone; he is hidden somewhere under the water, but he will be back soon to resume his jumping.

The fish never appear above the surface, but they give evidence of their presence. Small circles, which gradually increase and then fade, represent life under the water. Perhaps you will catch a glimpse of one of these aquatic creatures if he comes to the surface to nibble floating pondweed. Their bodies are molded to the sort of life they lead, and their bluish-brown coloring blends in with the water. Their fins contain concealed spines, but these are vestigial and will not hurt you.

The plants do not exert as much energy as the more animated organisms. They glide lazily on the top of the water. Yellow pond lilies cluster together. Their carefully folded leaves harbor small bugs who wish to escape from the water. Long, slender grasses display their tips, but keep their roots deeply hidden.

ELIZABETH WOOD, '62





Bridgescape

I REMEMBER Angelo sitting on the Bridge — not an important bridge, but an old one, ready to be replaced — old, rickety, . . . deserted.

Angelo sat there often in the late afternoons. The sun was behind the thick fog, or the dense clouds, which so often were there — hovering over the Bridge. There was glare — blue glare-whitened. Angelo's eyes would sting from that glare. He loved it.

Below him was . . . a river, yes, a river. A dull slow moving path of water. Sometimes it was red and it stank. That was because of the chemicals at the mills. But mostly I remember it was blue. It reflected things when it was blue. Like the houses on the sides of it — cheap tenements that smelled of the river, made of rotted dirty wood. Angelo would watch how the river made them shining — castlelike. I guess Angelo liked castles.

Not many cars went over that bridge, as I remember. Guess most people never bothered, or didn't trust its old foundation.

Some rivers have gay lights reflected in their faces. This one didn't. A few lights here and there — that was all — smelly gas lights, sad like the river.

The bridge was wet, mostly. It rained a lot in those parts. That's why Angelo lived there, I guess. He kept a rain barrel.

Angelo lived in the brown house — the old one with the pointed roof. One yellow light always shone down from the top window. The chimney was fake, too. Angelo never talked much so it didn't bother him.

Angelo painted the Bridge many times. It never looked too great in the pictures — only dismal, kind of rotty.

When the new bridge came, Angelo left.

But his Bridge is still there — the glare, the smell, the river.

LOIS GOLDEN, '63

The Island

THEY say you feel as if you're walking on air; as if there is no one else in the room but him. That's what they say, but who they are, heaven only knows. This time my friends were wrong about me and everyone was wrong about that feeling.

He's so cold and so hard looking. He is attractive, though. Blind dates! I hate them. Maybe if we get to the party and start singing, real loud, it'll help. It's only going to be a small group. Oh, dear, I'll have to get along, be nice, and play up to him. I don't want to. I won't.

"You say you go to Yale."

"Yes."

"What year?"

"Junior."

And it is such a beautiful night. That wind, that tormenting wind is blowing so hard. The moon is full. I suppose that's rather romantic but I just want to enjoy the night — alone. More conversation might help.

"You'll like Rusty's house. We always have a regular blast there."

"I'm sure."

"It's so wonderful here on the Island these last few days of summer. The nights are . . . cool, I mean sort of perfect. I really hate to go indoors. We'll have fun, though. We always do at Rusty's. I guess I said that before."

He turned to me quite suddenly. I jumped. "I love the island nights, too. We stay on the coast all summer."

I felt better and smiled.

The party was as I had expected. They drank. He drank. We sang to Jack's guitar and everyone was making jokes. He just sat and stared, not even singing. Finally they started leaving in pairs. All of a sudden he grabbed my hand, but gently, and asked rather gruffly — "Let's go outside for a walk. You know the place. You lead."

Somehow I didn't feel the way I should have — repulsed. Maybe it was because of the desire to be away from the hot room and noisy crowd. Maybe I did want to talk with him. I always want to know people but too often it hurts.

The walk to the lighthouse was silent. I turned facing the open sea as we reached the top.

Softly at first, but growing almost to a frenzy, he began to talk. "Do you know how it feels to be so hurt you can't even breathe? For five years I loved her and still do. I never would have come tonight. You're the first girl I've been with since . . . I've spoiled it for you and have been so selfish, but you look, act, talk, and are just like her. You're tall, gentle, and determined. You're sensitive. I know you're sensitive." He stopped.

Slowly I turned around. His hair was blond and soft. His eyes were blue and pierced me. Something inside shone out. This something glowed so the face lost its bitterness. His frame was no longer straight and firm.

"Sensitive," I whispered. Tears began to come. "Sensitive, why I'm just a sensitive fool . . . too."

He kissed me, oh so gently. How did he know? How did God know? Love came quietly, when, even without speaking, I knew exactly how someone else felt.

SUSAN BOYNTON, '62



"GIRLIE, if you're going to travel around with that much stuff you'll just have to worry about what to do with it yourself." Nice conductor. Nice train. By dragging one bag behind me, and shoving the other ahead of me, I got them up the aisle and left them in a place where everyone passing by tripped over them. Well, I'd done my best, and the rest of the world could watch out for itself. Now, I still had to get myself situated. I surveyed the empty seats. There was a place next to a middle-aged college professor type, the kind mothers like their daughters to sit with in public conveyances. There was also a seat next to a young soldier. I settled on the soldier.

I wobbled down the aisle and stopped next to his seat. "Is anyone sitting here?"

"No."

I sat, and turned to smile at him, but he was deeply engrossed in "Reader's Digest". I pulled "Cosmopolitan" out of my pocket-book, and started to read about the world's top ten playboys. I'd walked all over the town of Susquenwuq (which hadn't taken very long) trying to buy a paperback, but no one had known what a paperback was. You can't fight a town like Susquenwuq so I let them sell me "Cosmopolitan."

Out of the corner of my eye I studied my companion. I classed him as the boy-next-door. Dark-haired. Not bad, actually. I spent the next few stops deciding how to start a conversation. Then it occurred to me that he might get off at any one of these stops and I'd never even find out where he came from. So I took the plunge.

"Do you know when the train gets to Boston?"

He looked startled and clutched his magazine. Good God, had his mother told him to beware of girls who sat with him on trains? Why was she so suspicious? I only wanted to talk to him. I began to feel rather superior.

"No, I'm afraid not. I get off earlier."

"Oh, where are you getting off?"

"Worcester."

"Oh. Well, the train's behind schedule. Isn't it?"

He looked at his watch but it didn't seem to help him much. He answered, "Yeah, they usually are."

"Are you stationed, um, where you're getting off?"

"Yep, Fort Devons. Where are you headed?"

"Back to school — Abbot — in Andover — near Boston."

"Private school?"

"Yes." I hoped this wouldn't end all conversation.

"Going to college?" Whoops, maybe I could say that Abbot was a manual training school. Ah, well, might as well admit it.

"Yes," I said, "I'm planning to." To my relief, this didn't seem to ostracize me. He began to look slightly animated.

"I like to brag about where I briefly went to college. Washington University. My college education didn't last too long, though."

"How long were you there?"

"One quarter."

"Didn't you like it?" Poor guy, he probably flunked out.

"Sure, it was great, except for the amazing expense. I ran out of gold." This was wonderful. The conversation was quite out of my realm as no one I knew could only afford one quarter of a college year. I offered my sympathies and asked how he liked the army.

"Well, I joined for the educational opportunities. You know all those posters saying, 'Young man, join the army, see the world, get a free education.' I've been through basic training, and we didn't read much Shakespeare."

"No, I wouldn't think so. Which field are you in for? You get a choice, don't you?"

"That's what the posters say. I've met a couple of guys who got what they asked for, but you've got to be lucky. I want to learn radio (or maybe he said radar) mechanics. But it's all pretty dull. I know one guy who keeps hoping we'll have a war. I'd kind of like to get overseas myself." Then he brought up the old tea dance special. "Where're you from?"

"New York." And then he told me he was from Seattle and he'd come all the way by train. I asked if he ever expected to go back to college.

"No, I won't." I thought I might do a little moralizing about how every young man should struggle to finish college, but then maybe I wasn't quite qualified. I let it go. We both seemed to be running out of things to say. We had a round of New England

weather and winter sports but that topic faded quickly. After some silence he nodded at his "Reader's Digest" and said, "Like a look at this funny book?" I nodded and took it from him.

So I pretended to read, And he looked out the window. We had reached the end of the Train Topics. But I wanted to talk to him more. Why couldn't I? I knew he wasn't seeing anything out the window, and he knew I was only pretending to read. There were thousands of things I didn't know about him. Did he have a girl back in Seattle who wrote to him? Was he ever afraid? Did he cheat on tests? I wanted to give him sympathy. He had almost three more years in the army; I had six more months in prep school. He had said that he'd never been to New York City. I would like to show it to him. And someday he could show me Seattle. We were both human beings. This should have given us enough to talk about for the rest of our lives. We were wonderful. That the two of us, one from Seattle and one from New York, were sitting together was wonderful. But we had nothing more to say to each other. The silence screamed out at me that it did not want to be. Please, why this barrier? Man struggles against too much to put fences between him and his neighbor. Please, why must we remain strangers on a train?

His stop came. He took down his duffle and shaving kit from the rack above and shoved his hat onto his head. I handed him his "Reader's Digest." "Well, Happy New Year," he said. And he was gone too quickly to hear me wish him luck.

Rhinoceros

Written in English and translated into Kikuyu by Muthoni Githungo

Who is so brave
Brave as a rhinoceros?
Who can attack it
With a knife or a spear?

Nũũ ũri ũrũme mũingi
Urũme ota wahuria?
Nũũ ũngimithoria
Na rũhiũ kana itimũ?

I can see him,
He is a Masai.
He is as brave as a rhinoceros.
He can attack it without fear,
He can attack it with a spear.

Ndahota kũmuona,
Ni Mũmathai.
Ari ũrũme mũingi ota wahuria.
No amithorie atari na guoya,
No amithorie na itimũ.

Where does he live?
He lives in the mountain.
Does he fear the lion?
No, for he is as strong as a rhinoceros.

Atũraga kũũ?
Atũraga irima-ini.
Noetigire mũrũthi?
Aca, tondu ari ũrũme mũingi ta wahuria.

Lakes and streaming rivers
In the sky,
Rising hills smoothed
By the lingering sunset.
Suspended in God's firmament,
They are for looking at only.
They are reserved for more perfect
Feet to tread.

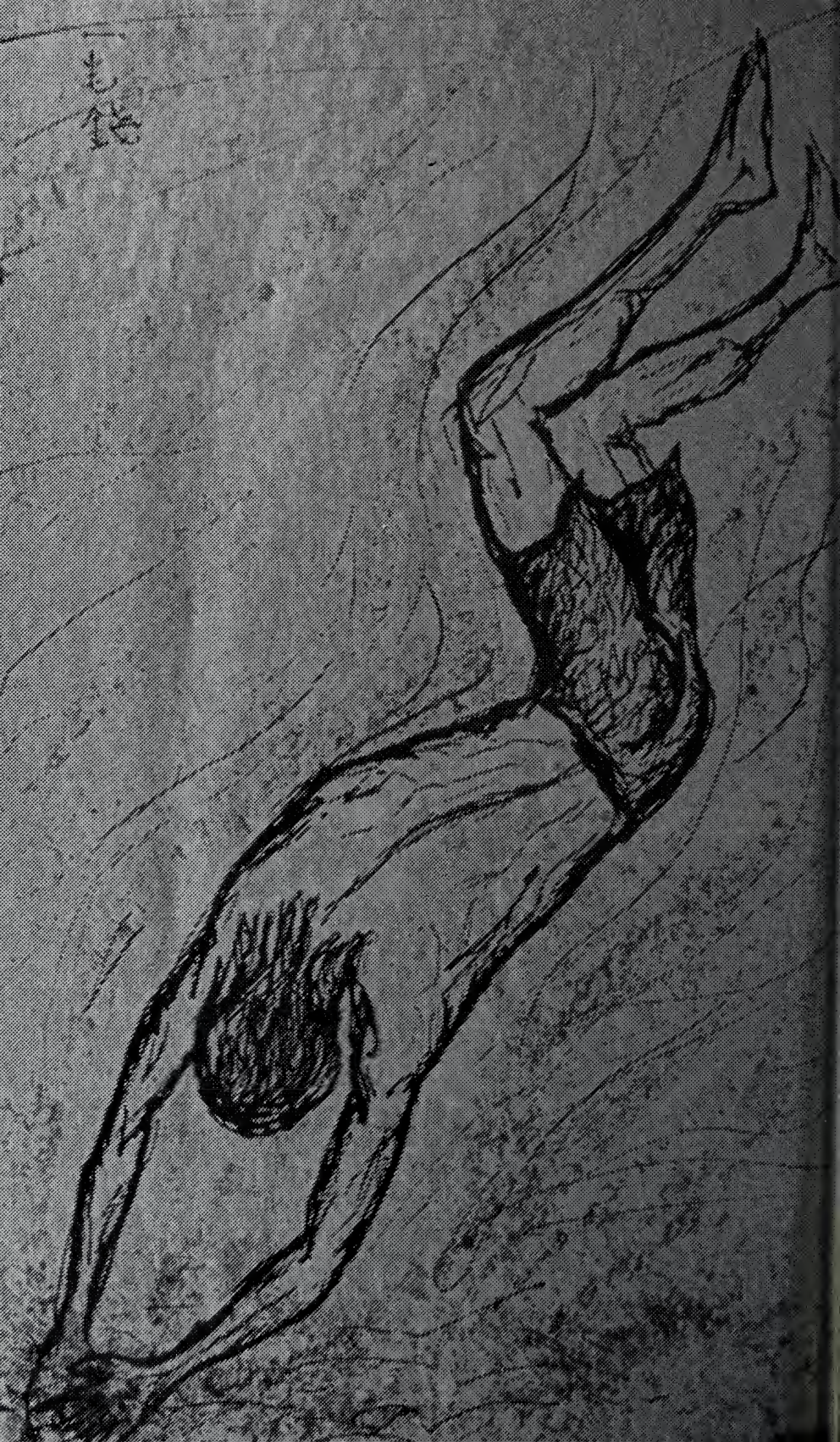
Some hills are the blue
Of a darkened, threatening sea.
Some look down upon
The sun-lighted green waters
Of far off lagoons —
It is all there, except
The towering volcanoes
And the pulsating palms.

Then all begins to fade —
Fade into evening.
The heavenly blue from above
Blackens — and beckons
To the vanishing hills
And swimming water.
They no longer float
In the sky,
But go to the regions
From whence they came — to return
Perhaps, to uplift our longing
Souls once more — our souls
That search for beauty.

Now only silhouettes
Of winter-bare trees
Look upon the site where
These vague regions
Just appeared — and banished.
Their bending, black
Forms remain slightly clear
Against the ever-blackening sky,
Waiting again
For an appearance at dusk.

SANDRA NICHOLSON, '61

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錢



PO WANG leaned over the side of his sampan and gazed at the dirty water lapping gently against its side. The reflections of the hot noonday sun made a bright, everchanging pattern on the surface of the water. The stifling air was filled with the screams of sea gulls and the ceaseless chatter of the people in the nearby boats. A faint strain of music filtered through the air from the floating restaurants at the other side of the inlet.

Po Wang shifted himself to a more comfortable position and continued to gaze absently at the murky water. He stuck his hand into one of the bright reflections. It broke, and he did it again.

Suddenly, the sampan began to rock violently. Po Wang heard the drone of a motor. He stood up and looked around. A small motorboat was approaching. A fat tourist stood in the middle, directing a movie camera towards Po Wang's sampan. A young lady sat behind him. She waved gaily at Po Wang. Po Wang waved back. She laughed and threw a coin towards him. It fell short of the sampan and settled into the filthy depths. The boat turned abruptly and headed for the floating restaurants. Po Wang's arm fell listlessly to his side as he gazed at the receding boat.

"Po Wang," a voice shrilled behind him. He turned and saw his mother. "Get that coin before someone else does!" He nodded and moved slowly to the place where the coin had dropped. "Hurry!" He looked back and his mother was still watching him. "Go on! Get it!" He nodded again and then slipped over the side into the lukewarm murk. The water closed around his body until it reached his chin. It felt as if a million sweaty, clammy fingers were grasping him at once. He gingerly explored the bottom with his toes. All he could feel was a gooey slime. He heard a splash from the neighboring sampan and looked up. Someone was swimming towards him.

"Po Wang! Hurry up, you fool! Get it. What's wrong?" his mother shrieked as she hung anxiously over the side of the boat.

Po Wang took a deep breath and dove under. All the sound stopped. It was peaceful. It was sickening. His fingers moved

desperately over the slimy bottom. He tried to force his eyes open, but could see nothing except darkness. Suddenly he felt another hand close tightly over his. A combination of fear and anger surged through his body. He quickly jerked away and tried to stand up. A great burst of sound met his ears and his head came to the surface. His mother was still screaming at him. "Do you have it? Foolish son! Give it to me." He paid no attention to her and let the air surge through his bursting lungs. A boy came up in front of him. Po Wang recognized him as one of the sons of the family who lived on the neighboring sampan. The boy looked at him with defiant and starved eyes and then quickly started to swim back to his boat. Po Wang's arm shot out and caught the boy by his shoulder. The boy struggled and Po Wang tightened his grip. The boy stopped and became silent. "Did you get it?" There was no answer. "It is mine." There was still no reply. Po Wang tightened his grip again. "I said it's — ." Suddenly he felt nauseated. He let go of the boy. The boy looked at him and felt his sore shoulder with exploring fingers. "Go away!" muttered Po Wang. The boy dove quickly under the water and disappeared.

Po Wang stood silently in the water. A rotting orange skin bobbed by him. He flung it away with disgust and waded slowly back to his sampan. His mother was waiting for him. He could see anger and disappointment in her eyes. "Why did you do that?" she demanded as he pulled himself up on the side of the boat. He watched some of the water run off his legs before he answered.

"I don't think he found it. It must be lost," he said defensively. He stood up. "Why does it matter? . . . I know we need it. But it seems so stupid, so . . . " He stopped and searched for an adequate word. He looked into his mother's eyes. They had lost their anger. There was just a gulf of disappointment left. It was deep and black. It was an accumulation of many lost coins.

Po Wang looked down at the water with shame and then shrugged his shoulders. "It's too hard to explain. It's just a feeling that I have once in a while." He looked up to see if she understood. She had turned away and was looking at the floating restaurants.

"I know," she murmured. She walked to the back of the sampan, the loose legs of her pajama trousers flapping in the breeze.

Po Wang turned and left the sampan. He walked onto the dock and pushed his way through the crowd of screaming and stenching

humanity until he came to the main road. At the side were several groups of children playing and waiting for the tourist cars to come along so that they could beg for money when the tourists stopped to take pictures of the group of sampans and the floating restaurants.

Po Wang sat down in the meagre shade of a scrawny tree and looked at the sparkling, blue sea beyond it. He made idle swirls in the coarse sand and contemplated coins and disappointment. Suddenly the shouts of the children stopped. The dull roar of a motor reached his ears. He looked down the road. A large black sedan rounded the corner and came to a halt as the children ran towards it, oblivious of any danger. They surrounded the car and stuck their begging hands into the windows, shouting for money.

Po Wang stood up and walked over to the car. He looked in. A young woman was cowering against a man in the back seat. She was holding a handkerchief over her nose, and was shouting something to the harassed driver in the front seat. Po Wang was overcome with a feeling of disgust and dismay. Suddenly he screamed at the children, "Stop it! It's useless. They won't give you anything. It's useless, useless, useless!" The children became quiet and looked at him with astonishment. They nudged each other and moved slowly away from the car. The young man in the back seat stuck his head out of the window, and looked at Po Wang. His thin lips stretched to a nervous smile. He thrust his hand out to Po Wang. It was filled with coins. Po Wang stared at them and then at the man. The man's lips stretched a little more. He nodded. Po Wang took the coins and bowed slightly. The man withdrew his hand and quickly rolled up the window. He carefully wiped his hand with a handkerchief.

Po Wang moved to the side of the road and watched the sedan continue up the hill. He became aware of a silence around him. He looked at the children. They were eagerly watching him. He slowly opened his fist and gazed at the bright coins. He threw most of them at the feet of the children. They shrieked and scrambled madly, Po Wang whirled away with disgust and sorrow, and ran down the hill towards the group of sampans. As he ran, he fingered the few coins that he had left in his hand.

His mother was standing in front of the sampan, watching him as he came. He stopped in front of her and shoved the remaining coins into her hand. "Here," he gasped. "They'll make up for the others." She looked at him and nodded. Her eyes were still filled with disappointment.

Po Wang moved past her. He leaned over the side of the sampan and gazed at the filthy water. The sun still made weak and ever-changing reflections on its surface. Po Wang stuck his hand in one of the reflections. It broke.

Here,
beyond the reach of time,
where sunlight is and shadow isn't,
true lovers dwell
amid their joys —
their fears abolished —
in the wake of all before them
yet unmindful of the world
with its sadness, trials and failings
that, though once theirs,
are soon forgotten
here.

BARBARA STONE, '62

Constance

Constance the cowardly
Poked his head above the ground,
And popped outside his little den
Looking cautiously around.

He sniffed among the flowers
And scanned the bright blue sky,
Then sure that nothing was around
Lifted his proud head high.

With a flash of flaming breath
A flower he laid low,
But when a bee flew out of it
He whirled and dived below.

PERSIS MCCLENNEN, '61



The New Olympian

Ye Housewives of America Rejoice!
Sing praises in a strong and grateful voice.
No longer need the kitchen be your doom —
The chemists have released you from your gloom.
It matters nought if Rover tracks in mud,
Or Junior spills spaghetti with a thud.
Relax, my lady, you need fret no more
That this gross deed will stain your floor!
A wondrous aid (*mirabile dictu*)
Has been produced to serve your home and you.

By Proctor and Gamble you've been made a queen
With a new and gallant servant, Mr. Clean.
How often have you felt some deep repressions
Because you had no time for "True Confessions"?
Or when you're cleaning up the kid's debris
You longed instead to watch day-time T.V.?
If you yearn for time to chat across the fence,
You can do it now at very small expense.

Have you noticed that your husband's getting thinner?
Well, madam, put away that T. V. Dinner.
Go cook a roast — don't brood about the pan.
Mr. Clean will make it spic and span.

Does Rover scratch much? Oh, could he have fleas?
He can be rid of such vulgarities!
Let Mr. Clean give him a bath today,
And wash these nasty insects away!

Or if your children aren't exactly neat,
(I mean, sometimes they spill things when they eat)
Leave Mr. Clean to do the scouring jobs
And nobody will know the kids are slobs.

Are Scylla and Charybdis in your sink
Bruising your hands and making them turn pink?
Does your dish-pan seem more like the River Styx?
Call Mr. Clean to conjure up his tricks.

Banish Zeus from the Penates' shelf
And at the head place Mr. Clean Himself.

SUE HILL, '61

“Wonderful Day”

“PLANE crash! All seventy-six dead! Laurence Owen! Winchester!” The words scraped themselves within me like squeaky chalk on a blackboard. Involuntarily I stiffened. No one noticed. Chapel continued; it was only another accident.

The chapel walls still stood erect. The faces of the girls looked straight ahead. The piano played. At the same moment everyone stood. Mechanically my eyes followed the page. It was headed “Peace”. Sunlight streamed through the windows setting afire the red lights in Sally’s hair. I raised my head to find comfort in its warmth. A cloud passed by and all was cold.

The girls filed out zapping each other and feigning mortal wounds. Death, what a joke!

The teachers nodded pleasantly, “Beautiful day!” The crowd of hurrying girls raced down the steps and pushed against the wall. I walked slowly; there was ice on the side.

“Feel that lovely breeze!” someone yelled. “Spring is coming!” My coat was blown open and I shivered.

“It’s a wonderful day! Smile, Hilary!” Sue-B. exclaimed. I tried.

HILARY FIELD, '62

The green dimness of the ground is veined
Featheredly. A small boy looks down and
Touches leaves that curl up; he is
Curious. And, timid,
Again he pokes at this ubiquitous plant
And again it closes. Now a shell
Now greenly spherical. And
The boy closes his fist
And face tightly as the plant.

ANDRÉE CONRAD, '62

THE very busy and the very efficient Mrs. Agdell whisked over the threshold, divided the children playing in the yard into families and shooed them home. She pulled her own two (a boy and a girl, the boy older; she had planned it that way) inside and deposited them in front of the dinner which she had just finished preparing. They would be finished by the time her husband came home so he would have ten minutes with his children before cocktails.

She lifted the receiver of the pink kitchen phone and dialed, tapping her foot impatiently while waiting for an answer. Someone must have said hello for she exclaimed, "Zelda! Have you gotten the flowers for Sunday's service yet? Well, I was going to suggest, as it is Ascension Sunday, that a combination of lilies and roses would be lovely. Blood and purity, y'know. You've already ordered forsythia? Oh, forsythia's lovely. I just wonder if maybe they couldn't hold that over until the next Sunday. I'll call and see. Oh, I don't mind. In memory of your husband, isn't it? You're perfectly welcome. Goodbye, dear."

She put the pink receiver back in its pocket and jotted a note on the pad near the phone. Then, under a storm of protests, she served both children more cooked carrots. "Now, carrots are sunshine food! Say 'Thank you, mother'," she said cheerily.

Both mumbled "Thank you, mother", and she smiled complacently.

In fifteen minutes the dishes were done and Mr. Agdell's key was in the door. The children screamed "Daddy's here" and ran to the hall, but waited until Mr. Agdell had kissed his wife before they leapt on him for their nightly double piggy back ride. Mrs. Agdell left and reappeared with the drinks she had mixed even before making her phone call and handed one to her husband, keeping a very pale one for herself.

"And how did it go today?", she said brightly for the two thousandth time.

"Well, business marches on. I got a new order in today from the mid-west. It looks very hopeful."

"I always said you should try to appeal to more people. I think that advertisement of yours is very limiting. You know the one that goes, 'When sea mist fills the air, and messes up your hair' . . ." She gestured elaborately, mimicking the television songstress.

"But you know I don't have anything to do with advertising."

"Well, not directly, but, of course, the success of the company is to the interests of all. You could mention it to one of your friends. As I said to that nice young man we had for dinner last week, no, I guess it was the week before. Well, anyhow, I said, 'My husband has never cared a fig for himself where the interests of the company are concerned, and I do think a man with his loyalty would help you more in some other department.' You know you would, dear. I hate to see you stuck away in the order department forever."

"Well, that's very considerate of you, but I'm not sure the Shipping Head feels that way."

"Oh, but he does. Remember that day when it started to rain and I dropped in and left off an umbrella for you. I was in the elevator with him and so I introduced myself and he said he's had his eye on you for a long time. We talked for at least half an hour, and he was terribly nice. His wife's expecting a baby and I gave him the name of a very good syrup that used to make me feel just as peppy as that." And she tried to snap her fingers, but no noise came.

Mr. Agdell looked slightly concerned during this discourse, but only sighed and said, "Well, I dare say my department may be changed."

With a brand new lungful of air, Mrs. Agdell continued. "You'll never guess who I saw in the A and P today. Leila Mackin. I was looking at the cutest baskets, but I couldn't think what we could use one for — and when I turned around she was just turning into the next aisle. Wasn't it lucky that I turned around when I did or I would have missed her altogether? She nearly fell over when she saw me! We had so much to talk about. We stood there among the cans for hours talking. Her daughter's getting married next month, but it's a very small wedding with only close relatives invited. We should send a present, anyhow." Here she bounced out of one springy chair and fell into another. "I'd think that girl, Leila I mean, would be awfully lonely alone all day. I was going

to nominate her for the Saturday Morning Club, but she said she didn't think she could keep up with everything that it does. I don't know how I do. You know we're planting those bushes we bought where they're needed, and I spent hours yesterday in the commerce office checking on places. There's a committee to do it, but I was afraid they wouldn't think to check with Commerce."

Her husband, who had been lighting his pipe, abandoned it long enough to say, "For heaven's sake, why don't you let the committee do its own work? You've got enough little projects of your own."

"I just can't trust any of them. I'm so afraid they'll go and plant those beautiful bushes in dumps and sewers. Some of those women do the silliest things."

"So what if occasionally they plant a bush in a dump? I used to play in the dump near my school every day, and believe me, there's no place with more excitement. But a shady bush would have been welcome. What's for dinner?"

Mrs. Agdell put on her most disgusted expression which amused her husband immensely and said, "You just wouldn't believe the price of lamb, so it's fish. I wrote to our congressman about the price of lamb; Lord, you'd think it was liquor. When lamb costs that much I worry about our national economy. Oh, I got a letter today from the Kentucky Derby Whiskey colt contest. It's been at least three months since I wrote and told them I thought the woman who named the colt 'Cindy Cimarron' should have won instead of getting fourth prize. They wrote me that in view of the colt's ancestry the winning name was far superior, but I still don't think 'Flaming Icewater' is much of a name for a horse!"

Mr. Agdell laughed, emptied his pipe and said, "And what would you have named it?"

"Pansy," she declared. "Come, darling, let us go to dinner."

Unbound

THERE am I, sprawling on my cake crumb couch. They, little beasties, dig and itch my most uncomfortable seat. Nose pinched, and eyeballs staring from beneath my glasses, I glance round my square. Soapflakes from my door lead to drawers, half shut and overflowing. Bottles full of scent and cleanser, lining shelf and table top, add their odor to my misery. Clock by bed is working loudly, reminding me of work untouched. Stockings suspended from the ceiling mingle drips with drops of panties — all cleaned up by soap flakes, hidden. My book, no longer near my face, lies lonely on the floor, just brooding, like myself. Stretch and yawn to loosen muscles, scratch the neck to ease the cramp. Drooping dog eyes coquette cat from pillow to poofing puff. Hungry yearning for companions drives my stuffed ones to soundless whimpers. Devil Desk! There, before me, waiting patient, binding me in servitude. Dastard pen and sickly paper, swimming 'round in pools of ink. Fixed shoulders hunched so near me, she is toiling while I dream. How I hate her honest effort! Mind is whirling; teachers droning, mistletoe, summer freedom, Jack and Joe . . . I'm sick, sick, SICK of routine's boredom! Will it be Yale or sun soaked Spagna? Plane or train, a thumb will do! There I go, up on the sill. My window groans . . . and stars shine in. Cold grasps my shoulders, tearing me from heat's embrace. From the stifled cell, step I. I'm away, and gone — forever.

ELIZABETH B. ELY, '61

“Souling”

Fourths make halves
And halves form wholes;
We forget this
While building with souls.
Liking saunters out
And tries to return
 with love —
Hating holds Loving,
Joy joins Fear.
Souling means giving
Wholes, black or clear.

JULIE OWEN, '61



DHS.

The Abbot Courant

December 1961

The Abbot Courant

VOLUME LXXX

December 1961

NUMBER 1



PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Published three times yearly: December, March, June
Printed by the Eagle-Tribune Printing, Lawrence, Mass.

Editor-in-Chief

Andrée Conrad

Assistant Editor

Elizabeth Wood

Senior Editors

Alice Helfferich

Susan Niebling

Darcy Wheeler

Art Editor

Anne MacDougall

Senior Middler Editors

Charlotte Flint

Lois Golden

Faculty Advisor

Ann Werner

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*—EDITOR'S NOTE — We assume this is fiction



Au Courant

TODAY'S writing trend is producing altogether too prolifically a grim picture. "Yer nothin' but a no-good cow-eyed slut. Every friend I bring home you give him the Come-to-my-mattress!" — A stock opener for the "main conflict." The stock answer is "so you're God's gift to me? Pretty punk gift, don'tcha think?" or an even more indifferent "Eh. So what?" — So what? is right.

"Use your experience" is common advice to a beginner in any field. A cult called the Beat Generation has established as its code "Experience to Do." In order to portray a character, the Method ingénue must march out and enact the script in her own life in order to understand how she must feel as the character on the stage. The writer, upon being struck by inspiration, reacts to the call of the wild new code and is compelled to construct in his life a situation similar to the one in his vision. But will the audience or reader rush from the theatre or his home to do likewise: experience the experience in order to "understand" it?

Face facts, *they* say. This is how life is: full of corruption and mental derangement. Most certainly, dear kind informing sirs, you speak the truth. And so do the newspapers quite frequently. We hear incessantly how K. and K. are not compatible, how Charming Charlie lopped the ears off one more six-year-old girl yesterday. Every day, relentlessly objective and humorless, journalists spread the world like six-month-old peanut butter onto mouldy bread for us to behold the interesting growths. And when we turn to "creative" writing for relief, we receive the same blunt-nosed narrative of the facts we have just put aside, only in this case the author has strained himself to make them real in his own life. Each day we become less inclined to contemplate the recently printed page.

The majority of contemporary "perceptive" writers have obliterated from their minds the possibility of anything being humorous, likeable, tender, or (completely inconceivable) noble.

The trend of despair, disgust, and indifference to humanity did not reach Dylan Thomas, Ernest Hemingway, and their like; it has not yet overwhelmed T. S. Eliot, Archibald MacLeish, John Steinbeck (*in The Pearl; To a God Unknown*), and those others who still do not see the beast in man, but instead have compassion for human nature. If the trend does take hold, graphic volumes easily

recognizable by such titles as *A Guided Tour of Morgan de Sade's Mind* and *How to Torture a Puppy* will comprise the best-seller lists with their grand sales totals coming to a scant five copies per edition. Audiences will no longer flock to the theatre to watch blood and guts and opinions distributed wall-to-wall under the guise of a play. Housewives will be afraid to look at a cereal box for fear the label may offer gratis arsenic with which to "experience" death.

In this Brave New World, will the printing press become obsolete? . . . If the trend continues to creep forward unleashed, yes, it will.

Hence, this issue of *Courant* represents a staving off of this trend. We hope you, as readers, will find it to your liking.

A. C.

Memoirs

Sun filtering through a blue-pink cloud,
An orange butterfly flitting through a riot of bright flowers,
Green shadows lengthening across a meadow of golden daisies and
 tinkling blue bells,
A purple tree swaying in the light of a softly orange moon,
Beautiful sights unknown to adults;
All are captured in a child's dream nook,
Each a gem in its perfection,
Set down in a coloring book.

CORLISS HEWITT, '64

Portrait of a Summer

He sits
 at a desk
 in a schoolroom.

He holds
 a speller
 in his hand.

He has put
 the slingshot
 into a bureau drawer.

Someone has boarded
 the door
 to the treehouse.

He keeps
 the brown toad
 in a glass jar.

He has left
 the bag of marbles
 in the hall table.

There is
 a fishing pole
 in the coat closet.

He
 wears
 his freckles.

NINA HOPKINS, '64

To Be or Not To Be — A Mount Holyoke Student

TEACHER'S Recommendation of Jane Doe

Q.—Do you think Jane Doe is mentally equipped to compete at a college like Mount Holyoke?

A.—Her parents obviously think so. She would rather go to the University of Massachusetts where Bill is this year. She certainly does not want to spend four years grinding away at the old books. However, it might be rather nice for her to be able to say that she went to one of the "Big Seven".

Q.—Is she mature?

A.—Everything is relative. She is more mature than her thirteen year old sister, but less so than the president of her class.

Q.—Does she accept responsibility?

A.—When she was appointed chairman of the clean-up committee, she was very active in recruiting additional members.

Q.—Does she ever do any outside assignments?

A.—It is a considerable accomplishment that she does her required work.

Q.—Is she conscientious?

A.—She always does the interesting assignments. Shakespeare bores her, but she has cursorily examined him on occasion: for example, the night before an exam.

Q.—Does she participate in class discussions?

A.—She always asks questions and tries to start a discussion on days when there is a rumor that I may give an unannounced quiz.

Q.—Has she courage in the face of disaster?

A.—Refuse her and see.

Q.—What do you think are her primary interests?

A.—Her primary interests are Jane Doe, Bill Smith, her grades, music (if you mean what she means by music), her future, and the girl across the hall, in that order.

Q.—Do you feel that she has visibly advanced through participation in your class?

A.—I refuse to answer on the grounds that I may incriminate myself.

Q.—Does she get along well with others?

A.—If she has to spend another minute with her roommate, she will probably die.

Q.—Is she a good sport?

A.—Do you mean, can she lose at Bridge without getting upset?
No, she cannot.

Q.—Is she well groomed?

A.—Her appearance improves daily throughout the week. On Monday, she looks like something out of Act 1., Scene 1. of *Macbeth*. On Friday, she looks like a human being.

Q.—Is she emotionally stable?

A.—Who can be emotionally stable while writing an English theme at one A.M. Monday morning?

Q.—Is she emotionally unstable?

A.—Yes, decidedly. She has an inferiority complex.

Q.—How does she compare with other students you have had during the past five years?

A.—She does not.

Q.—If she is accepted at Mount Holyoke, do you think she will contribute to the college?

A.—Of course, her father is President of Albercrombie and Withers, Associates.

Q.—Any additional comments?

LISH LEARNED, '62

Senior Scribblings

my heart is an open book
willyou still love me tomorrow
it's now or never

when you drink orange juice out of a Kenl
ration container, you're ready for Chanel

Ain't love grand/ mmnBob.

give me liberty or it's all over between us.

how doth the little busy child
write her life history?
with moans and groans and laughing sighs
and all beliefs a mystery.

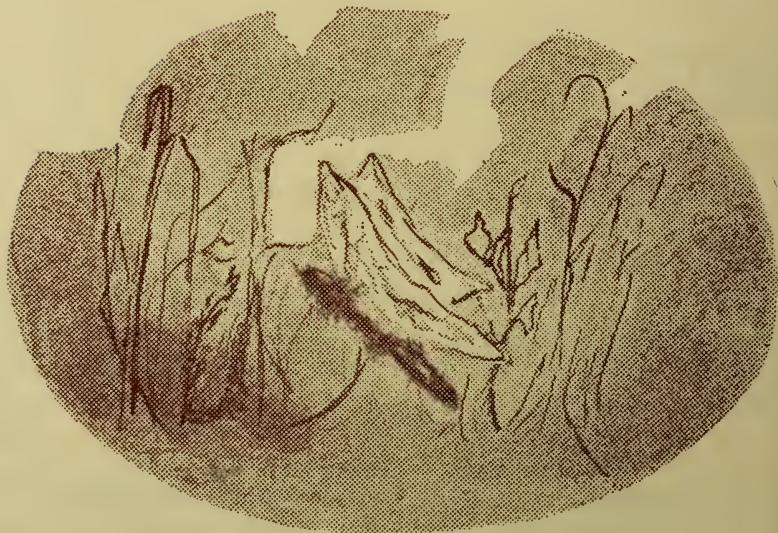
Silent pretendings —
pale, plastic transparencies
 spinning
 spinning
above my Persian Carpet
 as I lay humming
 a warm poem.

How many colors of Persia are woven?
 Woven like dreams of
 butterflies' wings
and spiders webs and rain in the hand
 and mist on the field.

(A daisy at Delos,
the isle of Apollo—
How many petals,
and how bright the yellow?)

Silent pretendings,
whirling fancies as I lay wishing,
 humming
 a warm poem.

SUSAN NIEBLING, '62



On Choosing

MAN is a small sparrow perched on a very narrow fence rail, teetering precariously between opposite forces: love and hate, truth and falsehood, light and darkness, joy and sadness, faith and doubt.

From the beginning God has left man a choice, be it good or bad. Adam and Eve didn't have to eat the forbidden apple; they chose to. When I think of choosing, I almost inevitably run into the choice of King Midas. He quite obviously chose the wrong gift. How could anyone be impractical enough to choose a golden touch, without foreseeing the prospect of hard gold spinach on a golden plate, with sparkling gold milk for dinner? King Midas didn't think ahead. Too often we don't think ahead before we make decisions, and in the end, to our dismay, we discover that we made the wrong choice.

Jesus left the way open for his disciples. They didn't have to become followers, but they chose to believe and trust Christ: as a result, we are given our Christian religion as we know it today, although it is seldom truly appreciated. Jesus said, "Thou canst not serve God and mammon." He left the way open to man. He left the gate to Heaven unlocked. We can either lock it from the outside and go away, or we can step inside for eternity. It is our inalienable choice.

However, man is afraid of total commitment and dedication. He is afraid to give himself up to something that he feels in his conscience would be irrevocable, for fear that he might someday find something better. He is afraid to love completely for fear that love might not be returned by his fellow humans. Yet he is afraid to hate, because he would be loved the less. He is afraid of truth, because it is too revealing. Perhaps he is afraid to know even his own soul; but he is afraid to choose the path of falsehood because it is against the commandments of God. He is afraid that light, spiritual or physical, will blind him with its beauty, but darkness holds the unknown. He is afraid of joy, because if he yields to it completely, he will be all the more wounded if sorrow comes, but he is afraid of sorrow because he is so humanly vulnerable. He is afraid of faith because there might not be a God, but he doesn't dare to doubt because God, if he exists, would remove from the non-believer the gift of eternal life. Man is afraid to choose.

ELIZABETH CADBURY, '63

Joe Lonely One

THERE were five of us: Daddy, Mother, Uncle Jeffy, who lived with us, me, and my brother Joe. Only three of us counted — me, Uncle Jeffy, and Joe. Joe was most important of all.

Joe was five years older than me. When I was two, we used to play together all day long. I counted one-two-three-four-five over and over on the abacus, which was kind of a window on a side of the play-pen. He sat cross-legged watching me. One Sunday I found out how to take out the abacus-window and climbed through. I was hanging half-way by my stomach when he uncrossed his legs and crawled over to the play-pen on his elbows and knees. He had very big hands, I know, because I could feel his thumb on one temple and his little finger on the other temple. I flopped back into the cage, and when I looked up at Joe, he was sitting cross-legged again with his eyebrows pointing up questioningly.

Uncle Jeffy told us stories. He read about Winnie and his honey pots and the Heffalump and Piglet and Owl. Joe and I saw how long we could say "Owl" without stopping: Owwwwwwwl. I always won.

He read about Dorothy and the Wizard and the Munchkins and the Winkies. I asked Uncle Jeffy why the Wizard wouldn't let the Winkies grow taller than each other. Joe stood up. He took my hands off my lap and pulled me up and sat down.

But mostly Uncle Jeffy read from a dark brown Bible. I couldn't understand it because the language was even more old-fashioned than Uncle Jeffy's grandmother's. Once I said, "But, Unca Jeffy, he talks even worse than Nana Dede." Joe looked at me the same way he had after he pushed me into the play-pen. Uncle Jeffy closed the book.

Joe was chief when we played Indians. He was Joe Lonely One. We made him chief because he was always there when we got back from the hunt. That way we could tell where the camp was and that it had not moved. We did rain dances and sun dances around him and laid butterflies as offerings in front of him because he was Joe Lonely One and because he was oldest.

Joe was nine four months after I was three. Mother and Daddy gave Joe a big soft fluffy yellow dog with white ears, black nose, and a red felt tongue. Uncle Jeffy gave him a rosary with coral

red beads and a silver chain between them. First he put it round his neck. Uncle Jeffy took it from him and showed him how to move the beads between his fingers.

One day Uncle Jeffy decided that I should be able to count more than one, two, three, four, and five. "A hand and a thumb is six, a hand and your little finger and your thumb is seven." I got up to thirty-five that day without stopping. Joe was sitting in a corner cross-legged like always, pushing beads of the rosary through his fingers fast, moving his lips quietly.

Maybe Uncle Jeffy had taught him "Hail Mary" and "Our Father", but how could Joe remember them? I went over and sat down beside him, cross-legged, too. I listened. "One-two-three-four-five," he said for each bead.

ANDRÉE CONRAD, '62

Metamorphosis

Far off in the Distance against the horizon

Two fox cubs,

silhouettes against a wash of red

Played and boxed like schoolboys . . .

They left, taking the joy with them

And lonely night eclipsed the hazy dusk.

IVERS BEVER, '64



The Viking In Our Vineyard

RIDE over the fire trails of Martha's Vineyard. Stop and pick blueberries. Gallop over the sandy beaches. Rest and sniff sea smells. Ride through Christian Town. Read the Indian tombstones and marvel at history, but ride on through those woods. Whatever you do, do not stop. Quickly ride past the wild vineyards. Do not pick the wild grapes — only ride on.

Grapes gleaming in the sun, plump — they are to be eaten slowly, rolled round on the tongue. Bite into them carefully. They are juicy, meant to be savored. But the vineyard is not yours. It is Sven's and Sven reaps vengeance upon all those who taste. Run; run past them quickly.

Taste and a mist will come, a thick mist of yesterday, and the air will be hot and your collar will grow tight and the muscles of your stomach will flex. You will feel his presence beside you. He will stretch out his great arm and reach for your neck. The brightness of his armor will blind you and the feel of Valhala will be near to you. In your terror you will not scream. Fear will burn in your eyes, but Sven will only tighten his grip. He is immovable, immovable as the oak tree behind you, and you can only pray he will be done quickly.

This is Sven's vineyard, Sven, the indomitable Viking; Sven, who killed all who opposed him or trespassed beyond their rights; Sven, the stern, who fearlessly piloted his ship from Sweden over the unknown sea; Sven, whose crew mutinied and left him to die with only a vineyard to mark his grave. This is Sven's vineyard. It belongs to his time: The living must not trespass.

But you, you are safe. You heeded my advice, the advice of my forefathers and their forefathers. All you have lost is your breath. You have run to the bluff and the deep blue Atlantic looks up at you and laughs.

HILARY FIELD, '62

Beacon Hill

I—SUMMER



I N the radius of the Boston Gardens, the Boston Common, and the Boston Athenaeum, I have skipped seventy years of my life and have grown old with everyone who grows old in Boston. Why do I grow old with them? These old people pursue truth vigorously with their shriveled bodies; these are my friends. The young do not notice as I walk down Mt. Vernon Street with a new pair of

spectacles. A small grey lady senses that I am new at balancing spectacles and asks me to read the mail schedule which is written in fine print. The happiest moments of my life were spent with a small woman with gnarled and crackling knuckles beside me on a green park bench. This park bench looked new and solid as I approached; as I sat down, it vibrated with earwigs in every grain. The old woman admired my young, springing knuckles as they wrote, between the lines of a yellow paper, observations of life. I admired the dry, crackling spryness in her knuckles which clenched the head of a cane. We sat on the bench and grew old together. As each minute passed, people and their thoughts passed by us; we observed.

I find great thinkers on the benches which face the wide path in the Common. Here men, with bald heads bobbing in agreement, mouths stretched by age, and gnarled hands, convey thoughts of depth. Men who have passed their prime prophesy peace and damn the age. This is the seat of truth. Tell me of one public place where a man can discuss and weigh the world in such a way that the world may stop and listen on an adjacent bench. Here, truths expressed by old men who know the meaning of life are the truth.

Mrs. Tolman crutches with wiry arms her eighty-year old frame into the dank, musty, learned atmosphere of the Boston Athenaeum. Her immortal smile lives under a broad-brimmed, black hat. Her

brain absorbs Buddhism, the popularized Zen, cosmic cause and effect — death, to her, is nonsense. Together, through the books of the Athenaeum, we grow wiser, broad-minded; the thought of death is far away. Mr. MacNee and I grow older picking out squash in the market and smiling. Mr. MacNee is ninety-two; he is charmed by me. I am charmed by his big bear-like frame which is covered with wrinkled cloth, his brain which is sharp and precise, and by his knowledge of Bosch, the artist. We shall have tea and grow old together.

I go from one place to another with my spectacles, my airy step, and my friends, growing old. I have not grown old physically. These people have not grown old; they believe in their spirit. It is the spirit of these people, their perceptiveness, which makes growing old in Boston an art and not a tragic art.

II—WINTER



Beacon Hill is buried under ice and snow. The blueness of fingers and lips dulls the bright blue door on Mt. Vernon Street. All who trudge up and plough down the hill leave fossil imprints in the snow: heavy print of golosh, soft paw print, and holes of heels. Four feet step down the steps of Number Seventy-five to join those of this Ice Age who bundle and pad themselves to evade the cold. Geoffrey is bundled up with hat, scarf, and proper speech; an Englishman can dis-

miss the cold; the cold comprehends his English. I, in my warm green stockings, scamper beside him on the inside of the street.

I say, "Let us buy large, sturdy sprigs of holly. The air bites me. Do you know your spectacles are frosted?"

"Let us slow down, dear. I cannot establish a firm footing on these icy bricks."

"Ah, Geoffrey, here is the railing; do use it!"

"I think this railing was constructed when men were shorter or perhaps for older ladies . . . 'Tis rather low. Thank you for suggesting it, dear."

Down on Charles Street where, under the lights, multi-colored snow forms, where friction of car wheels makes slush, Geoffrey, my tall proper father, grasps my elbow—me, the young, strong, persistent girl—and guides me into the greenery and flowers of Mrs. Fichelson's shop.

Geoffrey inspects the plants by examining the veins of the leaves; he murmurs of their species in Latin. I sit on the cement floor. I am surrounded by holly; it seems to crown my head. I choose sprigs with aged branches, waxen leaves, and clusters of berries. A grey haired man and a sleek, amber dog approach me as I sit among the holly. The man is wearing the chain of laurel leaves he has purchased.

"Joyeaux Noël. Bon soir, Mademoiselle." He smiles and pauses as I return his greeting.

"Joyeaux Noël . . . bon soir, Monsieur."

With armsful of holly, Geoffrey and I proceed up Mt. Vernon Street. My face is radiant. We sing a bar of happy music. Geoffrey's English pronunciation clips the notes; they end. I sing from the heart without words; I sing of happiness with notes which continue.

Inside, with the warmth that my mother and the mantle, bedecked with holly, give to me, I say, "A kind man, older and elegant, smiled and greeted me; he made my heart warm with a spirit of Christmas and my youth."

Geoffrey, though I love him dearly, replies with his all-knowing protection and world-wiseness, "Yes, this young lady must be watched; we must take care"

DONNA YOUNGBLOOD, '63

Poodle People

I LIVE in New York City, the home of thousands of poodle people. The poodle people feel that poodles are the best pets for people living in apartments. The poodle people are a subset of the dog and cat people; the dog and cat people are all those who feel the only respectable pets are dogs and cats. I can't understand why dogs and cats are so popular. Dogs are expensive to feed and they have been known to chew many fine garments and ruin many good rugs. Poodles are even more expensive since they have to be clipped, and you have to buy them leashes and dog coats. I've even seen poodles with rubbers on. Kittens cause mischief, young cats kill birds, and old, fat, lazy cats are always sleeping in the most comfortable chairs. I can sympathize with the dog and cat people who live in the city and don't want a cow, but I don't see why everyone has to have a dog or a cat, when there are so many other interesting pets people could have if they would break away from conformity.

A few years ago I had a white mouse. I kept it in the maid's bathtub, which isn't used since we don't have a maid. It ate dried corn, which was inexpensive, and it lived in a shoebox, and it played with an empty coffee can. It was a clean pet and it didn't bite. It didn't bark or scratch, it didn't shed hair on everything, and it didn't have to be walked four times a day. It was a perfect pet for our apartment.

I also used to have an ant farm. I ordered it from a catalog, and it was sent to me from Colorado. It contained about twelve large black ants. They lived in a mixture of sand and dirt, which was flattened between two pieces of glass. The bottom was removable and the top had a hole through which the ants could be fed. When I put them in, they went to work almost immediately. The next day there were tunnels in every direction. The glass permitted me to watch them dig. They communicated with each other by rubbing their feelers together, which made odd squeaky sounds. I could sit attentively for hours watching them dig tunnels and carry bits of dirt around. They were clean and quiet pets. Even my mother, a narrow-minded animal hater, decided ants were better than most pets.

If you choose small pets you can have lots of them in an apartment. I think I set a record three years ago for having more pets in an apartment than anyone else. I found a cocoon in the

country, and I kept it. About three months later it hatched nearly a thousand praying mantises, each about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch long. Mother sucked them up in the vacuum, but she didn't get them all. I saved quite a few, which I took to the park.

Ever since we bought a summer house in the country, I've had more pets than ever. I've had about forty-seven in all, including a goat, a sea-turtle, a woodpecker, a muskrat, and a slightly-tamed cricket, to name only a few. I've had more enjoyment from the unusual pets than I ever did from our cat and dogs.

Someday the poodle people will find out how much more fun unusual pets can provide, and then the poodle people and their close relations will die out.

WENDY JOLINE, '63

The Roommate

The roommate is a funny beast,
She always wants what you want least.

She longs for pink drapes, you want blue.
You like new thumbtacks, she likes glue.

When she is happy, you're depressed;
When you are neat, then she is messed.

When she has homework, you have none.
When you want quiet, she wants fun.

On only one thing you agree:
"Tonight the shower is for *me*!"

Each day, it seems, has spats and sneers,
But leave her? No! You'll stay for years.

ANITA SCHENCK, '63

Christmas, 1962

THE mother looked into her son's eyes and they seemed to say, "Fears, Mother, I have fears." Her child's mouth was in a baby pout, but his youth was not apparent from his wrinkled brow and doubting eyes. This was not her son, this half-baby, half-old man. She wanted to comfort him, but she was frightened by the distorted face that was now before her.

The red lanterns were scarcely visible through the rain. Civilians hurried by, shouting into the fog, dragging doll-like children by their wrists. "Smoke Kools" fell sadly to the ground in a mass of flames. The bricks of a wall shuffled like cards as they fell. Three dirty little urchins scurried out of the refuse. Through the shriek of the sirens a small child whimpered in the dark.

The mother pulled the boy to her and looked up in apprehension. She saw the hazy outline of broken buildings against an orange sky in the distance. As she started to walk, she glanced at the boy and said, "Come".

LINDA CORSON, '62

Copper leaves — beauty true.
But blood is red; the viper's head
is copper, too.

DEBBIE FITTS, '63

Steel jaws deep in green leaves,
A snap in brown, dry leaves,
But white flesh, not fur.

MARIE FOX, '63

A SMALL hand picked and chose its way through a clump of grass and seized upon a piece . . . Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four . . . With intent the piece was extracted from the grip of its root and raised before the face of a boy for scrutiny. The tip was sharp and green, green because it was still spring and sharp because it was. The whole piece was thin and green except the end which was now held fixedly in the small hand. The end was white . . . Thirty-seven, thirty-eight . . . He had been lucky to pick a piece with a white end, he thought. He would try it and see if they were right. He moved his fingers up a little and quickly bit off the white end with his front teeth. He couldn't taste it yet. Maybe it takes a while for the sweetness to taste. No, he'd have tasted it right away if he was going to taste it at all. They were wrong. He felt a little disappointed.

" . . . Forty-nine, fifty; ready or not, here I come!" He jumped up and looked around the field forgetting about the tasteless white end and his momentary disappointment. All he could see was grass everywhere and no sign of anyone. He didn't know where to go. They could be scattered anywhere. Then he saw Barry's back. Barry was crouching in the grass, but he was too big to hide. Why did he always play with the littler boys? He was clumsy at tree climbing and he always smashed the branches. The grass was still pretty low, so you could see Barry's back every time. He was too easy to find. The boy with the small hand turned away to look for the others. He followed paths of trampled grass looking and looking until he came upon Mugsy lying on his back humming to himself. He'd almost stepped on him.

"You're the first one I've found. If I found you first, you must be it next, huh?"

"Yeah." Mugsy pulled himself up some and squinted into the sun.

"I gotta go find the rest."

"I guess maybe I'll come." They walked, looking at their feet and at the grass and the sky.

"There's Barry over there."

"I know. I saw him before. He's too easy."

"We shouldn't let him play. He's no good at anything and he's old enough to play with the bigger boys. He looks it anyway."

"He's retarded, my mother says. What do you think that means?"

"I don't know, but who cares? If he's no good, he can't play."

Why should we let him play just 'cause he's retarded. Maybe being retarded's catching like chicken pox or the mumps. We might all get retarded. I don't want to not be able to play. Do you?

"Nope."

"Well, then let's find everybody and go somewhere else. We can go pick up apples in Mrs. Cruikshank's orchard." They ran off in separate directions, looking. Mugsy could see a not-quite-hidden dark head over by the stone wall and he ran with more direction. He saw another and another. Signaling them to be quiet and follow, he went on toward the dark haired one who had been playing with a black and yellow beetle, flipping it onto its back and smiling at the frantic, useless legs. He heard the ground squish and turned his head to see Mugsy. He got up without saying anything. Somehow he didn't think Mugsy wanted him to. His foot put an end to the protests of the beetle as he ran to catch up with Mugsy. They met with the small-handed boy whose name was Ricky, and the others whom he had rooted from their burrows in the grass.

"We're all here. Let's go." Mugsy's voice was almost a whisper.

"Where's Barry?"

"He doesn't count. He's retarded. That's why he can't play like we can. That's why he's always with us and not the older kids. Well, we don't want him either." And they ran, all of them, across the field to the wall and the orchard. Barry crouched in the grass waiting to be found.

L'automne d'un enfant

La saison de morte est arrivée
en portant ses feuilles fatiguées.
Quand on les regarde, on peut dire
que ces feuilles sont les larmes oubliées.

Il y avait un an, quand tu m'as aimée
ou le printemps vivait dans mon coeur.
Mais maintenant, l'automne y est situé,
et je ne veux rien sauf mourir.

C'est pour toujours, cette saison que je haïs,
et je voudrais dire la raison.
Mon jeune homme et moi, nous avons eu l'amour
que Dieu ne donne jamais aux enfants.

ANN SAMPLE, '63



THE rocking chair was creaking because it was hard and smooth and because of Grandfather, who had heavy garden boots and very prickly eyebrows. Timothy's cowboy belt fit around Grandfather's leg, but Timothy was sitting in the largest chair on the porch. It had been huge and soft and silent forever. Timothy settled his legs close together and made his back straight and folded his hands neatly in his lap. Then he was balanced and he let himself ease slowly into the softness and then he was quiet.

"Plaid," said Grandfather's voice.

Timothy smiled in his chair because the word game had started. He was very still while he thought of Plaid. Plaid was the long, thin silkiness of Meg's favorite hair ribbon. It was a new pair of wool shorts which everyone said were lovely but which felt stiff and scratchy on Sunday morning. At night it was the sweet, clean smell of his own special pillow, for nobody else had a plaid pillow like Timothy's.

"Plaid is colored lines in a cloth which are together in squares and they make a design," said Timothy.

"Right," said Grandfather's voice. "Good." Then it paused and he heard the rocking chair creaking, and then it said, "Splinter."

Timothy drew his knees up sharply and made himself very small and tight in the chair, so Grandfather could see what Splinter was. He remembered sliding his hand along the see-saw to find the seat, and a sudden shock of pain in his finger. He remembered bewilderment at feeling a little piece there, then Mother explaining it before she probed with a hot pin. Timothy shivered and said into his knees, "A splinter is a very small piece of wood, not even an inch long, which gets caught in you if you're not careful."

Grandfather's voice chuckled and said, "You can also get splinters from metal, if you're not careful." The rocking chair creaked for a long time before the next word.

"Candle."

Timothy relaxed and let himself spread as wide as he could in the chair, and his legs and arms reached to fill it. That was the stormy night when the record player had gone off by itself and Meg had cried, "The lights have gone out!" and there was excited

confusion until they found the candles. It was making soft balls of the tiny fires which dripped in his hand, then popping them in his mouth and hearing them squeak against his teeth as he chewed. A candle was a small silent heat close to his face.

"That's a stick of wax with a string down the middle which burns. They are all sizes and colors. A candle lights up the dark."

Timothy was very surprised to hear the rocking chair stop creaking for just a moment. But then it started again and Grandfather's voice said, "That string is called a wick, Tim."

Canto A Dalí

Las lluvias caen de un cielo amargo, harto
ya de aquellss travesuras lentas, quietas,
e incautas de la tierra que da mucho
sin que valga nada, y los instintos van
sufriendo tanto como los pensamientos
de esta piedra . . .

Ésta reposa con silencio sobre sí,
la tierra; pero subsiste en su puesto
con actitud chocante. Del lado dorsal
un tumor ha sido rancado, dejando
un hueco que llena de una agua hecha
viscosa y cáustica por hojas pútridas.

El cielo se ha sosegado, las lluvias
agotadas. Envuélvela con un mantel
de niebla fría y ahumada. A esta cara
las venas, repletas de dolor, ya no
pulsan más

ANDRÉE CONRAD, '62

La Neige Nouvelle

Nous avons attendu, et attendu.
Les rameux nus
des arbres fruitiers se voient
isolés et froids
dans la lumière
du soleil qui se couche.
Toutes
les jolies feuilles sont tombées à terre.

Elles sont
devenues noires depuis
la pluie
de la semaine dernière,
et seul, sur les troncs
des arbres, le lichen vert
subsiste.

Il fait
un froid de loup et le vent
bruyant,
siffle autour de nos fenêtres. Mais
quand
je regarde en bas, le petit jardin nu
est bien tenu.
Tout est tranquille.
Le ciel est noir
et on peut voir
toutes les petites étoiles qui brillent
comme des saphirs,

Un matin, nous nous leverons
et le petit
jardin sera plein
de neige. Le lierre-
vigne sera couvert et la fontaine
et l'eau de la pluie
seront
gelées.

Tout sera enveloppé du voile mou
et blanc. Les arbres fruitiers nus
auront
de belles robes blanches. Le vent
soufflera des amoucellements
de neige et dans l'air les flacons
blancs voleront
pour nous
couvrir.

ALICE HELFFERICH, '62



To See

I LOOK at a leaf, a green one in summer, which is cool and moist, or a brown one in fall. The brown one crackles and disintegrates in my hand, so that I hold only a small part. In the veins of the green leaf I see a tree, strong and straight with rich, black bark, thick roots, and many heavy branches clothed in verdant shades. The tree is a beautiful form; its boughs stretch towards clear blue sky, practically pricking a lumpy white cloud which slips by unharmed. The boughs also stretch outwards in every direction, waving gently at neighbor trees; the branches and leaves shade an oval area on the ground, protecting it from the hot July sun. In this area a child plays house; a squirrel seeks nuts; a dog lies panting.

My disintegrated brown fragment produces a picture, too. This time the tree is gray and lean. Perhaps the trunk is gnarled and rough, bent over like an old, desiccated man. This tree stands alone; children play in the shade. There is no shade. The tree is bare and inanimate, spiritless, dead like an inactive mind.

Mind — that word — mind goes with man, and I scrutinize the man opposite me on the bus. His eyes are blue, coldly blue, but his lashes are pale and long. His eyebrows, too, are thick and soft. I picture him working hard at a desk, and then returning home to his house. It is a small house with two bedrooms and a kitchen. Blond children play on the floor, eagerly awaiting Daddy's return. This man is their father, this blond man with serious eyes, but kind eyebrows. He loves them and plays with them, and occasionally gives them a dime for candy; he also scolds them when they are naughty, and shows them how to be good. One man, but he is just like a million others — a father, a husband, a son, or a president. Man rules the earth. He thinks; he reasons; he observes with those clear eyes; occasionally he smiles with thin lips. But he rules; he shoots and lives off his kill; he also builds and lives in his building. Yes, in my one man I can see the world of men.

I look at a bell, a large bell or a table bell. It is cold and hard, but rings clearly. The church steeple resounds through the Sunday morning quiet. Way up in its narrow steeple, the bell swings to and fro, sending forth its magnetic ring. The church soon fills; mother and father bring little girls in organdy skirts, and boys

in suits and shiny shoes. How many people are coming because they saw the poster advertising family worship? Not too many, I hope.

The pews are full; the organ's harmonious sound fills the remaining space. The minister in his black vestments stands out against the red draped pulpit. There is no gold cross behind him, but flowers decorate the altar. The congregation rises in song, falls in prayer. There is reverence and peace here. The minister reads, his voice reverberating from wall to wall, exclaiming the words of God. God — is there God? God is vast, infinite, maybe nonexistent. To some, however, he is magnificent and huge. He spreads throughout the world and heaven. He breathes and there is wind. He rages and thunder and lightning strike our minute world. He smiles, his eyes twinkle, and sun, moon, stars glow. God is everywhere, and he is everything. That is what some people think.

I look in my little bell, but all I see is a distorted reflection of my own face. What is God? Peace? Joy? Who knows? My bell cannot tell me, but perhaps, if I use my eyes, I can see — in the leaf, in the tree, in the dog, in Man.

CLAUDIA KERR, '62

Of Walking

WALKING is, for an undivined reason, one form of physical exertion which has especially appealed to philosophers and poets as particularly suited to the needs of men in their profession. It was a source of inspiration to them in their hours of profound meditation; it was a solace to them in times of sorrow and despair; in walking they received the opportunity to contemplate Nature, about whom they composed their best and most eloquent lyrics.

Plato had a great love for walking, and it was in pursuit of this exercise that he conceived many of his thoughts and observations concerning life. Almost every one of his famous dialogues commences with the participants taking a walk and proceeding to dissertate upon the subjects at hand. At his academy the campus was laid out in lengthy avenues lined with trees, and his students acquired their learning by reading while walking back and forth along the avenues and among the trees. That the majority of the members of the academy were competent scholars, well-versed in all branches of learning when they left, would seem to be indicative of some advantage in the employment of walking as an aid to acquiring knowledge. Perhaps it is the rhythm of it which helps the mind to learn by rote.

There is an ancient Latin adage: *solvitur ambulando* — the problem is solved in walking. Certainly every man has heard tell of that tyrant in Sicily, who, when asked counsel of by a neighboring ruler who was having difficulties with certain of his nobles, suggested that they take a walk. As they walked, the Sicilian tyrant uttered no word, but slashed at the heads of the ragweed which grew in the field with his walking stick. The neighboring ruler realized that he was being advised to decapitate his noblemen. He parted company with the tyrant, carried out his advice, and reigned in peace until the end of his days.

The story is also told of the Emperor Domitian, who from time to time would find need of expending his irritation. His habit was to walk a while with a certain senator, aiming jabs at this man with a dagger whenever it pleased his fancy. And yet there was the poet Juvenal who took pleasure in walking along the streets of Rome. His great enjoyment of it was ended, however, when crowds of adolescents began to molest him as he walked.

CARLA FLINT, '63

Song—

Come, sing away the slow, sad songs of winter;
Sing them into the laughing leaves and winds;
Sing them into the dancing sun and
Into the rich, warm earth.
Laugh away the drowsy decisions of old age;
Laugh them into the playful peace of childhood;
Laugh them into the naïve mind and
Into the fresh, young soul.
Sing away winter and laugh away age,
But save a tear for folly.

ALICE HELFFERICH, '62



The Abbot Courant

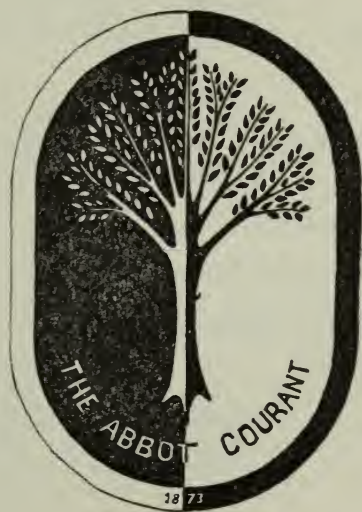
March 1962

The Abbot Courant

VOLUME LXXX

MARCH 1962

NUMBER 1



PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Published three times yearly: December, March, June

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Senior Middler Editors

Deborah Fitts

Lois Golden

Carla Flint

Patience Meigs

Donna Youngblood

Faculty Advisor

Ann Werner

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Au Courant

EVERYTHING is a color. All concepts in themselves, whether concrete or abstract, can be classified as being this or that particular color. Regardless of their actual color, certain objects bring to mind certain colors. Calliopes are always heliotrope and roller skates are always fire engine red. Some sentiments are commonly identified with colors: red connotes anger, green jealousy, and blue depression.

But mostly days are colors. Each day is a color. There are blue days, there are green days, and there are purple days. Today is a purple day.

Purple days don't come very often. They're not blue, and they're far from being red. They're the kind of day where you walk to the newsstand expecting the headlines to read: SUPERMAN FLIES TOO LOW; SCRAPES "S" OFF UNIFORM.

Some little kids have purple days all the time. That's why they do crazy things like block up the irrigation ditch so that the water runs all over where it's not supposed to; and then let all seventy horses out of the corral at noon when they're supposed to go at five in the afternoon.

On purple days you feel like "I want to scream, but right now I haven't got anything to scream about." So you have to spend purple days trying to find something to scream about.

You cling, apprehensive, and, eager, you let go, noisily quiet as you throw a snowball into the drifts.

On purple days you feel like pushing your bicycle to the top of Guggenheim and spinning all the way down to the bottom, taking care to knock over a policeman, the curator, and, most joyously, three old ladies, whose modernistic hearts are thrilling to the touch of round cubisms.

You feel like timing your ascent of old Charlie Atlas who stands with copper grace at least thirty-five bronze feet tall. You know you would knock him over if you were as big as he is.

Just as today is a purple day, the contents of this issue are products of purple days.

A. C.

Canal

THE sweet smell of the warm hay on the hillside fills my nostrils and I am happy. Over the edge of the bank through the grass the little canal flows slowly along. I look across the Valley to Mougins, my hill-town. Tiny huts cluster together close to the top of the hill to command, as if they were palaces, a view of the sea, the valley, the flowers, the vineyards. I see a flock of sheep as they scuttle along the dirt road towards their pasture. The faraway sound of their forty different bells and the drowsy chirping of the crickets close to my ears in the hay are the only tones I know. A worm arches his back under my stomach and I leap up and run down the bank and stare into the water of the canal. It is my canal. I drink from it, bathe in it, take comfort by its side. It is seldom sad or moody. It has a quiet happiness and content.

A farmer, unshaven and dirty, comes around the bend with his little boy. He sings beautifully and the boy tries also. I stop talking to my canal. Perhaps they heard me. But the farmer smiles and laughs and I think he understands. He has always lived near my canal. If you asked him, he would say it was his. I say, "Bonjour," and he laughs and asks, "Vous êtes américaine?" I nod. Maybe someday no one will be able to tell anymore. The little boy looks serious and says, "Hello", with great effort. "Hello", I answer. They walk on until they are hidden in the deep shadow of the pine trees at the next bend. They start to sing again, but their voices die away from my ears as they go, muffled by the pine needles and the shadows.

Beyond the hills in the distance a little blue strip of the Mediterranean glimmers and meets the sky. It seems warm but at this time of year no one swims in it. I think of wine, which seems cold, yet is warm inside. If I am good and finish all my Latin, they will give me a little in the bottom of my glass tonight and will send me to bed early since it makes me drowsy. The sound of my canal will come to me through the open window, and I shall dream of its glimmering like wine in the moonlight.

CHARLOTTE FLINT, '63

The Aztec Nation Playing At Duncan Hines

Seven flies,
Irritants of imagined filth
On my bed.
Dead heat and blunt straw sun
Everywhere.
"Dirty flies, dirty flies."
Memory of childish chant and
Mother's red plastic
Flyswatter.
The Aztec's summers,
The sun fly,
Brown stunted bodies and
The proud dirt of far warrior's gold
Holding now the inevitable
Chiclet or shoeshine kit.

I look again and
Count eleven flies.
The garbage of perhaps
Temples melted into
Brown earth
Raise again worship;
Now crying kids,
Condemned by flesh-hunger,
Lie on a corner
Avoided by a tall blond camera
And guidebook,
As distastefully
As the supplicating hand
Of the eyeless huddle
Before the open doors
At mass.

The flies diminish,
Night asserts itself.
At the hotel,
They wonder where
That recommended café can be,
Guaranteed as having
The Genuine Flavor of
Romantic, Proud Mexico.
After all, one can never
Be too sure about the water,
Can one?

BARBARA BICKLY, '62

SANTHA hovered on a Cambridge cobblestone. She stood near a long scratch in a downstairs window; beyond the scratch she saw a bent man and his newspaper, and above the scratch she saw "C'est Si Bon" painted in fat blue letters.

Santha went down the stairs from the outdoors November and opened the door of a French café and stepped into a small warm corner. The walls were an old funny yellow covered with cheerful peelings of Eiffel Towers and gay Parisian couples. A few rough red tables were scattered about and a scarred bench projected from the length of one of the walls. A coffee-steam smell of indoors hung still near the ceiling and it was very quiet.

"It's like stepping into an empty egg shell," thought Santha.

Three people sat hunched like islands at three separate tables. The neat tweed woman glanced over her coffee cup. The bent man she had seen beyond the scratch sat absorbed in his newspaper. The dark-haired Oriental student followed his heavy finger steadily over the page of a textbook.

Santha stepped over to the counter and eyed the display of patisseries behind the glass. She chose some French words and spoke carefully to the creased denim back stooped over a stove.

"Excuse me, madame, but what do you have today?"

The back straightened and jerked around abruptly; a tiny, sharp fox-face shot French words from a mass of wire hair.

"I have two pies. I have cheese pie and veal pie."

"I will have veal pie, if you please, and also a lemonade." The small denim arm snatched two lemons and sliced them and squeezed them into a glass of cold water and placed the glass beside a small hot pie on the counter.

"Seventy-five cents," she said in clipped English.

"Un, deux, trois," as the three quarters clinked on the counter. The denim fox-arm swept up the coins. "Merci."

"Merci."

Santha sat on the rough wooden bench and broke weightless pieces of crust with her fork, watching the steam escape to mingle with the indoors smell near the ceiling. She thought of how silent and disconnected the three people were, and their three island

tables. The neat woman sat in her tweeds and sipped, gazing carefully through the coffee heat. The bent man rustled his newspaper quietly. Santha watched the student. His hair was smooth and slick black, and his placid moon face smooth with even-toned skin. His mouth and eyes moved noiselessly over the heavy book.

"A Harvard student in an egg shell," she mused.

Santha almost tiptoed with her empty plate to the counter and said in thoughtful French, "Merci bien, madame. Your meal is very agreeable." She was surprised to see a quick smile catch on the face, but then the tiny woman shrugged tightly and turned to her stove.

As Santha went to the café door, she was aware of the acute paleness of the funny yellow walls and she felt the muffled reflections rising to ceiling steam. She was glad to leave that place.

Outside the egg shell it had become a cold November afternoon. Santha leapt up the stairs and rattled the Cambridge cobblestones past the long scratch in the window. She pounced all the way down the street, feeling her weight break into the brittle air. A red string of runny-faced children whooped by on bicycles popping with flags and gimp stringers and balloons and baseball cards, and Santha followed their confident shrieks. They wove raggedly around a narrow corner and disappeared, and when she turned after them, she found that she had been led to a tight, milling pack of about thirty children. She saw that they were all younger children, and that they were waiting for something together. They did not notice as she stepped into their noisy center. They bounced around her restlessly and pointed up the street with small cold hands, chattering among themselves in excited phrases which Santha did not understand. She felt an angle bump into her, and looked down at a gleeful, small-faced boy. He glanced up apologetically.

"S'cuse me." He was dirty, curly, grinning.

"That's okay."

Santha and the children were waiting in the friendly noise together, outside the egg shell. They all jostled together in an eager, fervent debate, and the children's glances darted excitedly up and down the street. Suddenly a boy's shrill shout rose over their noise.

"It's coming! It's coming!"

One of the red-faced bicyclers, perching authoritatively among the flapping gimp stringer on his bicycle seat, gazed up the street and affirmed loudly, "I saw it! The parade is coming!"

A shout went up from the pack and the bicyclers lunged forward and scattered up the street, followed by the whole group of shrieking children. Santha and the gleeful, curly boy stayed behind. The pack raced around the corner; their confident shouts grew muffled. Santha stood in surprised silence as the little boy beside her jumped and whispered to himself in awed, eagerness.

They watched a small procession turn and walk slowly toward them. It was accompanied by no brazen parade music; it advanced and passed in coldly dignified silence. The leader was a gaunt, angular man with a black Pilgrim's cloak swirling about his shoulders. His long, narrow head was bare, and his gaze was darkly intent and unswerving. Several modest women followed, lifting layers of heavy brown skirts which trailed on the street, their feet showing daintily. Five hushed children passed in their somber clothes, with their dogs trotting obediently behind them. A matched team of black oxen swung their massive weight together in their yoke. They, too, trod softly; the only sound was the muffled one of their heavy animal breathing. A shaggy pony plodded mechanically to the soft kicks of the little boy in his saddle. A tall, lean horse danced behind, pulling nervously at his rider's gently control. A dozen men marched in regimented lines, bearing sternly silent muskets on their shoulders. Three incongruous antique automobiles purred so soundlessly that they seemed to roll down the street motorless.

Santha stood as the mysterious procession slipped by her and turned a corner and disappeared. The curly little boy hopped away chattering to himself. It had all passed, thin as an egg shell between reality and her. Santha turned and walked away, and the cold afternoon brushed uneasily against her face.

He sat there,
Quiet, and I, too.
A hand reached out,
And the other, too;
I saw them both,
Their ten fingers, too,
And I cried.
When I saw those hands,
I grew my hands
To be distinct.

One day I came
To see him there,
To tell him I'd grown.
He saw me standing there;
And then he saw my hands.
Around the wood
His arms were grasped,
And his hands: in a grasp,
His distinction.

ANDRÉE CONRAD, '62



What People Don't Know

PEOPLE say that any girl who goes to Abbot Academy can get into any college. At least people who don't know what they are talking about say that. I intend to convince these people that they should not speak adamantly on a subject about which they know little. I may also prove, quite unintentionally, that a girl who attends Abbot Academy is not necessarily guaranteed of being accepted at any college.

I am one of those unfortunate high school seniors who are now waiting apprehensively to discover which, if any, college they will attend next year. I feel that I am qualified to write on college admissions. I have taken college boards, had several interviews, and written my applications. I have read pertinent books and magazine articles. I have even seen a television show dedicated to the youth of America who are struggling to be accepted at their parents' alma maters.

Parents, it seems, are a major cause of the college problem. Apparently, during the Second World War, my parents and all their contemporaries decided to have children. Consequently, the population exploded. The results are called "war babies".

When the "war babies" began to think about college, their parents recommended Harvard and Radcliffe. However, Harvard and Radcliffe can only accept a small percentage of the college-bound war babies. The war babies tried to explain to their parents that they did not have a chance of being accepted at Harvard and Radcliffe. Their parents replied, "But I went to Harvard." "I went to Radcliffe."

War babies have had to explain to their parents that "times have changed." Usually, the parents have explained that college admission has become more difficult to obtain, and that, for the average student, Harvard and Radcliffe are impossibilities. No parent, however, feels that his child is average.

I am a war baby who has finally succeeded in proving to my parents that I am not Radcliffe material. I have not yet proved that I am average.

I am a war baby who attends Abbot Academy. I have applied to three colleges: Duke University, Vassar College, and Hollins College. I have been told by unknowing adults that I will be accepted at all three colleges. I have been told by well-informed

friends that I have no chance at Duke, a slight chance at Vassar, and a good chance at Hollins.

Friends of my parents, awake! Let me tell you a story, the involved story of what we must do to be accepted at college to-day.

First we read college catalogues. We decide on three colleges. We write for an interview at each college. Meanwhile we take College Entrance Examination Board exams. In November of our third year, we take Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Tests to determine our inherent verbal and mathematical skills. In the spring, we take S.A.T.'s again and also three hour long achievement tests: one in English, one in science or mathematics, and one in a foreign language.

During our senior year, we generally take the S.A.T.'s again, two more achievement tests and a Writing Sample. The Writing Sample is a one hour exam in which the student is expected to write a complete, coherent essay on a given subject.

We are accepted or refused at a college after our academic record for four years of high school, our scores on college board exams, and the recommendations of our teachers and principal have been considered. The extra-curricular activities we have participated in are also important factors.

The colleges like to think they know the type of people we are from the impression we make at our interviews. But a student's true personality does not emerge at a college interview . . .

The people in the room have the look of people in a dentist's waiting room. They are frightened, but they must somehow appear to be poised and self-assured. They are waiting to be interviewed.

My name is called. Timidly I follow the tall, blond, perfectly groomed young woman into a high-ceilinged, Oriental carpeted room. We sit down on a luxurious divan. She stares disconcertingly at me and begins to write notes. Should I meet her gaze directly or look away? Should I say something to entertain her? She says very little; she just stares penetratingly at me. Is she psychoanalyzing me? She probably knows more about me than I know about myself.

Finally she begins to ask me some revelant questions. "What were the scores of your P.S.A.T.'s?" I tell her although I have been promised that the colleges are not interested in P.S.A.T. scores. She looks at me sadly. "But, you know, the average verbal P.S.A.T. score of our freshman class last year was 680." Mine is 510. I rise to leave. "Nice to have met you. Come down and see us sometime, anyway," she says.

Anyway! "Anyway, even though you do not come to college here. Naturally you would never get in with those scores." Mentally, I cross this college off my list. My first college interview is over.

I am not the only person who has had a bad first interview. One girl was asked an assortment of questions such as: "What do you think is your purpose in life?" "What do you think has been your most important achievement?" "What is your greatest strength? Your greatest weakness?" . . . "Tell me what you think of the decorations in this room."

Another girl, on being asked what she thought she would contribute to Wheaton, replied, "I am more interested in what Wheaton will contribute to me."

Finally, there was a girl who immediately realized she disliked her interviewer. She sat looking cross-eyed at her throughout the interview.

When the interview is over, the student usually knows whether or not she is still interested in applying to the college. She receives a variety of applications. Aside from the preliminary application, the family health record, and the formal "Application for Admittance," there is often a personal letter to be written. The personal letter must include information about the student's early education and her plans for the future. She must explain why she wants to go to college and especially to that college. Sometimes she is asked to analyze herself.

If a personal letter is not required, another form of essay usually is. A typical essay question is; "Write about an idea, experience or goal that is meaningful to you." Since most college applicants feel that they have never experienced anything meaningful, this question has definite drawbacks.

When the essay has been written and the application mailed, it is usually the end of January. The student's academic record through the first semester of the senior year has been mailed to the colleges. The pressure is relieved. There is nothing left to do except worry.

She worries throughout February, March, and half of April. On April 15th, the college decisions begin to appear in student mail-boxes. At Abbot, rumors such as "Wellesley is in" mean that the letters from Wellesley have arrived. The Wellesley applicants sit tensely through their classes and lunch. After lunch, they flock

to the mailroom. There, amidst shrieks of joy, cries of disappointment, and interested inquiries, the student opens her mailbox and withdraws a little white envelope.

I have heard some speculation as to whether the decision can be determined by the size of the envelope. Some say that a little envelope contains a note saying "Sorry, but no"; whereas a long, slim envelope contains a "We are happy to welcome" message.

Usually the student tears open the envelope as soon as she sees it. There she stands, with half the school gathered around her, reading the letter. I, however, will be the exception. I intend to run straight to my closet. There, amidst shoes, scales, and tennis racquets, I will measure the size of the envelope.

LAUCHLAN LEARNED, '62



NOW when a person four years old is faced with a large lot covered with overripe mangos, she is very glad to be saddled on her brother Gustavo's back. She dislikes mangos; they smell earthy and thoroughly untouchable, and the ones she can reach, the ones on the ground, are covered with gnats, the same flies that cluster around the open sore on her ankle from the last time she was careless near barbed wire.

But Gustavo, with his wonderful and profuse cream-colored hair, is not her only companion, nor brother. Two others squish along. Job and Edgar worry her right now because they dare to pick up the orange fruit and throw it. She certainly will refuse to touch their hands until at least tomorrow, though she is not spotless herself in a pair of grubby blue denim overalls and orange-from-the-clay sneakers.

Today is somewhat unhappy for the four of them; all yesterday it rained the stinging rain that makes the window panes rattle, and, the lot being on the slant it is, the grass has completely been worn off the ground, and the acre is now covered with islands of the mangos that never wash away. There is no dust left, only the baldness of the clay.

Gustavo has just turned his ankle in one of those canyonlets made by the rain; she, with just a little lack of faith in his stability, has clutched her arms around his chin a bit more tightly. She wonders if he sees the newly uncovered root a few paces in front of them, and she wonders, if he does not, will they both be killed in the fall? She hopes not, and shudders lightly, but she would never tell Gustavo to watch out. All their worry about the dustless ground ceases with the knowledge that soon the children will again return to pulverize the soil. And they have diverted their attention to the water tank.

It is old, this tank, surely molded when the villa was first built long before even Edgar was born. The mortar between the bricks of the sides outside still can scrape knees because the workmanship was so crude. So for Edgar, Job and Gustavo to attain the top of the water tank wall is a feat of which they are all silently proud;

she does not include herself in their feeling of accomplishment because Gustavo has let her climb off his shoulders onto the brink, but she is silently as proud.

Eventually all four children are securely and intently looking into the murky water. Yesterday having brought much rain, the frogs have laid masses of the gelid eggs, and the ones that were there before have hatched out into the black wriggling tears. She, when she looks at the egg colonies, can only think of Job, once livid at her for slipping a grown wet frog into the seat of his pants: he wore no underpants; he had retaliated with a handful of the gelatinous eggs aimed at her left eye. This would never happen again on the edge of the water tank because both she and Job had become chilled with fright at Gustavo: he had told them that without exception people who touched frogs got hideous rashes, and people who got frogs' eggs in their eyes twitched for days in their beds and then went absolutely blind. She and Job had fallen upon each other in a fury of revenge; soon they both began sobbing with remorse, their arms about each other. Gustavo no longer has to tell them tales to stop the quarrels; they hold hands and laugh as they look down into the water.

Today in the water there is a piling of light. The pea-green beam turns to muddy blue at the bottom; the children are glad they have come just at this time because in a few more minutes the sun will have moved just enough so that the light coming through the hole in the leaves will be lost in the air. It seems strange to Gustavo that the tadpoles can swim in and out so freely of what should be a sealed cylinder. She remarks that probably it is best that they are not in the dark all the time, and that as yet they have not had the chance to be lightened like Gustavo's hair. Gustavo argues that his hair is made of different things than tadpole skin, that his hair wasn't black to begin with, and that the tadpoles will never get lighter.

She is no longer interested in the water's pillar of green-brown dust. She is squatting in an "S" on the edge, and her hair is hanging down in a wall that hides her face from everything. The tips of it touch the water now and then, causing little rings to spread across the surface of the water. Job has been examining a bee which has alighted on a floating leaf; the wavelet in the water makes the leaf bob, and the wasp, startled, whirs away.

Gustavo has been trying to smooth the mortar of the tank by picking the pieces of concrete away; now he watches the bee fly

upward and is surprised that it has not far to go to reach its hive. When he touches her lightly on the shoulder, her nose points through the wall of hair. She has felt that he is about to take her down, so she splashes her fist into the water and makes Job jerk precariously backwards. Gustavo says that they have spent enough time looking into the water, that maybe tadpoles and eggs die if they are looked at too much.

With little effort Gustavo succeeds in getting Edgar and Job to follow him to the tree where the wasp has flown. The tree is easily climbable, and Edgar, being biggest, hooks his legs over the lowest branch and vaults himself up. Job uses instead a hole in the trunk which serves perfectly as a step. She reaches bravely with her short leg to put it into the hole, but Gustavo must push on the seat of her overalls while Job pulls on her suspenders. Once she is standing on the first branch with her arms as far about the trunk as they will go, Gustavo drags himself up and they are soon with Edgar on a branch near the wasp's nest.

Gustavo states that it is a mud-daubers' nest. There are four short mud tubes which spell M-I. Job puts out his finger and squashes the bottom end of the first tube. She and Edgar and Gustavo watch with perfectly clinical curiosity as Job draws his finger away, and the dust of the destroyed structure floats downward.

These are only the immediate consequences. The children are shocked by an object, small and yellow-green in appearance, which rolls from the opening made, and falls the fifteen feet, bouncing cruelly on the bald red earth. Acutely distressed, Gustavo in his haste scrapes the insides of his arms on the mango tree's bark; he skins-the-cat on the lowest branch and hops to the ground, landing in a ball. She, Edgar and Job come a few seconds later, quickly curious, not really concerned.

Gustavo has tears in his eyes when they have come down; she puts her hands on his spare shoulders to comfort him, but he is not to be comforted. He is reflecting that the larva-grug wiggling helplessly on the ground could have been her, or Job, or Edgar, and the possibility frightens and saddens him. She climbs on his back and asks him to take her to the swing-hammock, and as he turns away from the tree and the grub, Job silently steps on the dying larva. The four go somewhat subdued to the two hammock trees.

Edgar holds the edges of the hammock apart so that she can

get in without falling to the other side and the ground. Once she is in, she pulls the fibers about her, covering all but her face. She smiles with joy as Edgar and Gustavo pull on the ends of the hammock cloth to set it in motion. Job swings gaily from one end, drawing his legs up under him so that only his pants cuffs brush the ground.

But the day is ending, now. The sky she is looking up at has streaks of orange and pink in it, and the blue is very much deeper than it was even a few moments ago. And Job's suspension from the hammock has become more insistently a hindrance: it is surely his turn. Their mother will be calling for them within a short time. Edgar and Gustavo jiggle the hammock lightly, and she sighs as she rolls from the fiber folds. Job is in quickly; Edgar and Gustavo become knowingly more energetic in their manipulation of the swing-hammock. Soon they have Job squealing with delight as the hammock flies the whole way around, the rope stays creaking loudly with the strain.

Their mother calls, and Job's violent motion is let cease. His complaints subside as he sees Edgar and Gustavo with her on his back almost at the barbed wire gate. He falls out and runs to them, leaving the hammock twisted in a tangle of fiber.

They all smile. The ground is beginning to have dust again, and she knows their father will send the gardener to pick up the dead mangos.

The Meek Creatures In My Bedroom

A picklebird
perches pensive
in closet tweeds.

When I turn
the noisy knob —
he recedes.

A butterbug
munches smug
on sweater sleeves.

When I poke
the woolen holes —
he flees.

A pepperbear
curls cryptic
between cool sheets.

When I reach
barefeet to touch —
he retreats.

SUSAN NIEBLING, '62



THE farmers were putting the day to good use. All along the valley floor the haze rose to meet the summer sun, the haze that was coughed up by hungry machines that wound down the endless windrows, gobbling up the hay and spitting out the bales.

Old Vic Santi stood in the shade of the gas station and listened to the snickers of the gossipers inside. He had been there before the morning sun had dried the dew that promised him good weather. He was too old to work the way he'd used to. He hated to have to hire anyone to help him, but he couldn't let his pride stand in the way. He was waiting for the Taylor boys to help him.

He could hear the staccato beat of the tractor's engine long before it raced around the corner, its treads spinning a streak of sun. It coughed to a stop beside the pump and one of the Taylor boys swung down.

The old man said softly, "You promised to help me get my hay in today."

"Look, Vic, we got work to do. Some other day."

"It's going to rain tomorrow."

The boy watched the gas foam into the tank, shut it off, hooked up the hose. He climbed into the seat and looked down with careful impatience. The engine sputtered to life and the tractor chattered out onto the road.

The old man knew he would be there, but he wondered that a young boy should take so much life out of an old man.

He walked home alone over the hill.

The Taylor boys came soon after lunch to the field where Vic waited, bringing their tractor and baler, and a truck without sideboards to carry the bales.

The sun was at its hottest then. The water evaporated quickly from the cut stems, and the air shimmered and danced above the field. The older boy lined his tractor up with the windrow and set off down the field. Vic waited to watch the first bale as it was thrown out. It had meant a lot to him, this field, ever since he had first crossed over from Finland. The field was something he could

understand. It was a part of home that had not been left behind him. He heard the younger Taylor yelling at him, and he set his mind to the work.

"Hey, Victor," the boy called. "What's your weather going to be tomorrow?"

"Rain. Rain all day. Watch those birds fly. Rain all day."

The boy shook his head, laughing. "Say, that place you come from. They got as good farm machinery as us?"

"When I was there, we only used horses," he said, and leaned back against the truck. "Big ones, bigger than any I ever saw. But they were gentle, and I wasn't afraid of them." He stared out over the field, but he saw nothing. "And I had a pretty little mare once. All grey, she was, and light as snow as she moved. She loved to go into town and see all the people, and when we were home she'd stand on the hill under the pines and look into the valley.

"Maybe things have changed in the Old Country. I like to think they haven't, that my pretty grey is waiting for me under the pines." He broke off when he saw the boy laughing. Bewildered, he turned back to work, aware of the boy's snickers behind him, unable to understand what it was that the boy thought.

The shadows lay deep along the grass when at last the baling was finished and the brother could come to help them pick up the bales.

"You know, Santti, this would make a great corn field. You shouldn't waste it on hay like this. With a little liming this could be a top field."

"Liming?" the man said. "I wouldn't do that. I've never done it before. We never put on any artificial fertilizers at home."

"Artificial fertilizers? Look, Vic, you can't get ahead now if you don't help your field out. You can't go on taking away from it if you don't give something back."

"This field will stay the way it's always been."

"Wake up, man," the boy said angrily. "Can't you see the world's moving ahead? You don't do things the way you used to. Can't you see you're being left behind? You aren't living in our world; you haven't got a world. There is not a world where you fit in. Think it over tonight, old man."

Victor hardly noticed their leaving. He made his way slowly back to the house. He knew now that he could not make anyone under-

stand how he felt about his farm, how perfect it was in his eyes, and how it was all he had to hold on to in a place he felt had always been alien to his thoughts.

He finished the chores late that night, and sat still in the kitchen while the darkness settled over the valley. He watched as a moon-beam stole in the window and crept along the floor. For a long time he watched, then rose and went out into the cool night, and walked for a long time in the moonlight, looking at the stars and the fields, and thinking . . .

What is it I'm looking for, something I don't know and something I will know well when I find it. I can feel it in the stars when I look at them, beyond them. There is an eternity there like what I seek. The kind of endlessness that is itself a fitting end. If I were upon that star, how much farther would I see, or would the universe look the same; if you went, as far as my eye can see, could you see the end, or isn't it yet in sight: that is the kind of eternity I seek.

And there is the mystery that I search for, the kind of mystery of an animal, when it goes away to die. What does it feel, that it leaves never to come back? Why do you rarely, if ever, find a body of an animal that died a natural death? Where do they go, and how do they understand when they are about to die? There is no answer for us. This is the kind of mystery that I search for.

There is something else I'm looking for, and I know that when I have found that, all my questions will be answered. It is the comfort and the quiet power, the revelation of eternity and mystery. I can not find it in other men, I can't see it in the stars; I feel it near me, and I will find it and all the questions answered. Eternity, mystery, comfort: these three . . .

He moved slowly toward the deep woods, where not even the moon could enter, the leaves were so thick. He was in the shadows, and then gone from sight. Not a leaf stirred to prove his presence. The moon shone down full on the wooded hills, striving to penetrate into the deep shadows. But the leaves whispered to themselves and cast off the moonlight mocking gently.

Tapestry With Paper of Pins and Spoons

THEY were coming to dinner. Already my hands were chafed like the skins of the new potatoes, and my tongue was scorched in tasting the scalding wine and beef. With this dinner would they be pleased? Into the room they came: Betsy—balanced on toe—curtsied, supported by her other half, her king, Mac. They, too, were warm in brown wools and entwined arms. Together they smiled, and their friend and our friend, Beman, shaggy, red-haired. The wooden spoons had plunged themselves erect into the food; they tasted together, and together brought me happiness—and to my parents they talked—open and trusting—; to my parents their love brought hope.

Betsy and Mac had tasted college—Bennington and Williams—as English majors. Their lives, persistent as Virginia creeper, sought reality, delved into it, and clung to it. Thus they twined closer—someday to bloom together; they plucked themselves out of college. In a barren, commercial end of Cambridge they lived over a grocery store with other young people—Mac, working at a book store, Betsy, cooking and being friend to the young. Our friend, Beman, had grown close to them. Beman, despite a sparkling intellect, had flunked from Cornell and had been looking for a job in a place entirely foreign to him, though his family could finance him indefinitely. Mac and Betsy gave him happiness while he lived with them, and soon he found a job as a programmer, for Beman had worked hard with computers during his summers.

Kind time wove us together again.

Circling from outside, grey mist, winding into a chapel's wooden hues, builds pillars of yellow light on heads of long-haired young men beside flushed, serene faces of those who trust them, whose shoulders hinge with theirs as they sit in the pews. A lone photographer bounces into a pew—his eyes catching the expression of each face—his own face is taut in concentrating. A slender Negress and a horned-rimmed, tall man slip in. The mother enters, shimmering in green and apprehension. A line of bearded attendants appear; Mac with a tender, timorous smile stands waiting. Sentimental chords sound. Three willowy maidens, draped in velvet

and long, medieval sleeves, sway and step. Betsy, warm in flannel, soft and mothering, follows. Her father guides her; his final production—a drama of lives which die, leaving in the air purity and freshness which other lovers can breathe—begins. Something becomes sacred with swallowed and stumbling words of a minister whose face reflects their love and the love in us for them. They leave; we leave, tied together, the mellowed old, the ripening young.

My mother's hands were chafed and steaming as they peeled artichoke tubers. She fashioned 'my beautiful Christmas dinner' into a bit more than squirming, split, fresh beans—long, thin, like eels in oregano. Certainly, this dinner would please.

In came Charles and Lily, older spirits—close to seventy—sources, always exuding knowledge and love. Lily, with woolen undergarments stretched over her knees and a flat Russian toadstool hat, never stops her discourse—her Chinese bronzes and declarations of war on the Irish-Catholics—Kennedy. Charles, self-educated, drawing logic into beauty, poetry into life, speaks; each word of his I value and weigh.

In came youth in its prime—the twenties—Erica, Renate, two spirited, German chargers; and Simone, a delicate, French pony: Erica, strong, sharp as a man, saddened by war, yet, a sensitive woman; Renate, a photographer with deep eyes—lensed by the art in reality; Simone, a French branch—though once a cynic in a black jersey, now spreading, reaching into life, she lives, then decides; they move, catching old and young spirits in their enthusiasm. Their spoons again plunged erect; we ate. Youth and age inspired together by a flaming pudding and by the flames of Charles' reading of "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

Geoffrey promenaded the young ladies onto the Common into mystical, blue-lighted elms, spangled Madonnas and bare-footed shepherds whose sheep had bred since last year, and the Christ Child, lighted by an empty star on the dome of the State House. Yet, this had been beauty last year for Simone and Erica as they had looked through the eyes of those who had loved them. We

went on as youth does—happy in snow, less pure and white than when it had first been trodden on; we found corners in courtyards and ourselves were the first to tread.

Again inside, in time we were woven together with love: a guitar, a banjo, an autoharp, voices; a quiet, unpretentious architect, David; his womanly companion, Ruth; wisdom, Charles, feeding a young mind, encouraging truth in a heavy, dejected, young woman. Time made Betsy happy in pregnancy, Beman with the gift of an aqua parakeet, and me, with my friend, the photographer who listened and understood my simple thoughts.



Woven completely into a simple love of Betsy and Mac were we all—independent youth, the old—a trifle subservient to life. Renewed were we as Betsy sang to Mac, Mac, to Betsy—"I'll give to you a paper of pins . . . "

DONNA YOUNGBLOOD, '63

Friendship

At first the field was bare.
The brambles were few and isolated,
Surrounded only by trees and grass.

Then they grew and spread.
Slowly their branches wove
A solid maze of thorns.

The bushes thrive on their unity,
And now the brambles stretch
Across the field.

CHRIS STERN, '63

The Endless Night

Skywave felt her way cautiously out of the harbor. The sun was just setting and we could see the massive black coral heads on either side of the boat. As the moon arose, we quietly slipped past the last reef and set our course for Abaco, eighty miles ahead. The sweet smell of baked beans drifted up from the galley and was whisked away by the gentle evening breeze. We went below in turns to eat our dinner. The crew member (Chuck), Sal, and I had the eight p.m. to midnight watch. Chuck was at the wheel and Sal and I were stretched out on the port and starboard cockpit seats. The night was idyllic; we expected to sight Great Abaco light shortly after one a.m.

Skywave felt secure that night in the ever quickening breeze. She was a sturdy ship for her forty-three feet. As the sails filled, the red running light reflected smoothly on the billowing Genoa. The sails seemed as vast as the night and as far away as the stars.

Beneath the keel, the water rushed by with greedy gurgles and left behind little eddies of foam. Clouds began to scud across the moon and soon they piled up as though they had filled their allotted space. The breeze became a wind. It played with the leech of the sail and produced a sound like thousands of bugs beating against a screen. The flags at the top of the masts whipped and entangled themselves around the shrouds.

The captain, my father, came into the cockpit, to take over his watch, laden down with assorted parts of foul weather gear which we hastily slipped over our heads. Chuck refused to go below and Sal and I chose the open cockpit rather than the stuffy cabin. Now clouds of spray were periodically flying into the cockpit and we frequently wiped our eyes with the slick sleeves of our oilskins. All eyes were turned toward the horizon in the hope of getting a glimpse of the light on Abaco. Long after one a.m. we had still not sighted the elusive beam.

The seas built rapidly and little *Skywave* tossed convulsively. We were making no headway. I looked forward only to see great masses of water swirling before the boat. The bow reared out of the water so high that every muscle in our bodies was tightened

to anchor us to the cockpit seats. The inevitable blow came and the bow sliced down into the oncoming wave with a force that sent lathery spume up past the first spreader. Again and again the bow plunged into the sea sending quantities of black water down the waterways. Futilely, the water was teased back and forth, trying to escape under the stern rail or down the scuppers, as the boat surged in the ocean.

Sal and I turned our backs to the confusion and sat huddled together against the bulkhead. Repeatedly, salt water saturated our hair, stung our eyes, and poured in torrents down the backs of our foul weather gear. I looked to the sky for a sigh of relief. The hypocritical moon was bright and full in contrast to the clouds which encompassed it. They piled and shifted in grotesque patterns, seeming to mock us in our tiny island of a boat. We looked to Dad, at the wheel, for comfort. His face was impassive with the red light from the compass emphasizing his unshaven face and the tired circles beneath his eyes. We were not frightened. We were too numb to be frightened.

As morning drew near, the storm loosened its full fury and stinging spindrift pricked our faces. The wind was unpredictable: first in one quarter, then another. *Skywave* lunged in the early morning light. Even the boom vang could not entirely restrict the boom which swept back and forth above our heads.

Suddenly we sighted Great Abaco light just above a foamy swell. The sun, red and huge, rose above the horizon. The wind abated somewhat. We continued to take on water for several hours until we came into the lee of Abaco.

When the ocean calmed, Sal and I stood up for the first time all night. Our skin felt soft and rubbery under our oilskins. The sun burned down on our faces and baked the salt around our mouths and eyes. A fresh water would be ecstasy. But we thought little of our discomfort.

The night had passed and the sails luffed gently as we slipped quietly by Great Abaco light in shallow water and solitude.

BECKY BARTLETT, '62

Like Snow Upon the Desert

DON'T kid yourselves about the New Frontier or the hope for the oppressed peoples of the world or the exciting rise of developing nations. There are no such things. There are only people who won't change because they're too tired or too scared. There's one big hell all over the earth because people won't think or dare or even hope.

I'll tell you how I found out. I'd gotten lost in the muskiest, darkest corner of the Bazaar, and I was beginning to think I would stink of linseed and camel dung forever when I found the place where they make the rugs. It's fantastic; children of four sit on high benches and knot the silks to make the intricate design. By the time they're twelve they have to quit because their fingers are thickening, and they're blind and tubercular from the working conditions.

I was fascinated by them. One of the girls, of maybe eight, had an extraordinary quickness—a brightness—about her. Even as she knotted the tiny threads, she smiled to herself. I watched her, and I dreamt so many crazy dreams. I saw her educated, fashionable, a leader . . .

I was a fool. I came back day after day as if her quickness were a magnet. She became a symbol to me—a symbol of people who might have been great if the Fates had spun a different thread.

I had to do something. I went to her family who lived in a room that smelled of boiled rice and people. I tried to speak with her father, but he took me before the grandmother.

So we drank bitter tea while the dirty, old woman enjoyed her opium pipe. I mentioned Masumek, for that was the child's name. I told them about school and her chance for a place in the world.

I guess it was natural that at first they thought I wanted to marry the poor child. When I finally convinced them of my altruism, the grandmother took the pipe from her crusty teeth and said, "A woman needs no knowledge of letters or of numbers or of stars. A woman will one day bear children, and for child-bearing, a woman needs only to suffer and to be patient. Her wisdom is born with her children, and her understanding lives in them. A woman learns with her heart. Masumek needs no school." I went away.

The next day I found Masumek. I even had trouble convincing her. I told her of books and writing. I said, "You will learn about other peoples and speak with men who have thoughts different from yours."

"I would not know what to speak of," she answered.

I took her to the high-arched gateway of the Bazaar and said, "Look at the sun. Do you know why it's hot. Look at the clouds. Do you know why they are so? You will learn all this."

Masumek said, "Will I be able to change the sun?"

Then I tempted her with movies and comics and ice cream and Woolworths. I captured her. I sent her home with some bubble gum—the pink kind that mothers hate to have to wash off the furniture in the TV room.

When I went back to her family, the grandmother blew clouds of bitter smoke at me while I said, "Masumek will have a good position. She will make much money. You will no longer be poor."

There was a silence. Then the grandmother croaked softly, "The poet spoke thus:

*The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone."*

Try and help people. You'll be whipped with Tradition and Art, and all You'll get is a heartful of dust. You'll be hated for being right. People want to rot.

I suddenly, hopelessly, knew this, and I had to take it out on the pompous, filthy old woman. I choked out, "You are old and dirty and ignorant! You are afraid to change, nor will you let your children change. You are assuring that, when they are old, they too will be dirty and ignorant because they follow the ancient ways."

The family was quiet, but I could hear them hating me. The grandmother said, "God has not willed us to take new ways that scorn the wisdom of the aged, nor the understanding of the heart, nor the Truth in the Poet's soul. These are your ways but not ours." She paused and then said, "You have been kind to come. May God bless your journey."

I left. Masumek was waiting outside. "I want to go to your country and chew the pink stickiness with bubbles."

"The grandmother says she does not wish this for you." I'm not proud of myself for that—for challenging her loyalty. She had guts, though. With tears in her lovely, Eastern eyes, she stuck her chin out and said, "The grandmother is always wise."

I've watched her since in the Bazaar. She's always quick and, somehow, shining, yet there's nothing ahead for her that's real or good or great . . .

MARGARET POWER, '63

Kenya

A mango tree in a little garden
Is my love for you.
The fruits around it
Are the thoughts in my heart for you.
The ripe mango which hangs in the middle of my tree
Is the last glance I gave you.
The rotten mango is my sorrow for you
Which wants to destroy
The little garden of my heart.

MUTHONI GITHUNGO, '63

There Was A Rabbit

When I was young,
There was a Rabbit
In my garden
Forever
Jumping in his own
Worlds of Greeness,
Happily
Guarding me from
The wide world of reality,
Showing me
The hidden places,
Places missed perhaps
Had there not been
A rabbit in my garden.

LOIS GOLDEN, '63



Darcy Wheeler

Two Little Prigs Went To Market

IN our sophisticated city suits and high heels, we picked our way through the vegetable stands and misshapen pumpkins with no stems and bushels of apples. I saw a small reddish squash with a coarse rind. It was the best of all on the cart, and I said so. A little Italian man scurried out from behind the cart saying, "Only fifteen cents; I give it to you for only fifteen cents."

"Oh, no, thank you, I was only looking."

"Only looking, yes, but you pick it up and you like it and it only fifteen cents. You buy it, yes?"

"No, really, I was only looking. I don't want to buy a squash right now."

"Oh," he looked a little hostile, and I put the squash back on the cart where it belonged, wondering why I hadn't bought it and dropped it down the gutter around the corner . . . Carts and more carts and roast chestnuts and huge squiggly balloons on sticks . . . There was a small tavern, or maybe it was just a bar, in through a doorway from the sidewalk. Big men threw down glasses of ale, standing in the semi-darkness at the bar. They laughed raucously at their own jokes and sang along with the commercials on the radio. It was early for noise like that. Bars at noon should be subdued with the smell of stale beer and the click of glasses as the bartender wipes them with the same grimy cloth for the fourth time.

"Do you think we turn down here, Darce?"

"I really wish I knew. He said to take a left at a brick building with columns, but nothing looks very familiar." We stood on the edge of the curb looking for some landmark or sign which would direct us to the recommended inelegance that is Durgin Park.

"Maybe I can help you." We turned around. A very male male stood surveying us. He had black hair, thick, but covered by a grayish metal helmet. I thought of Iwo Jima or Pork Chop Hill,

but it was more likely Sumner Tunnel construction crew. His sweatshirt and dungarees were dirty. So were his boots. "Where are you looking for and I can show you."

There was a moment's hesitation and Hilary said, "Durgin Park."

"It's expensive. Steaks three dollars, but big ones. You go around that corner and walk a few blocks. You will see the line outside." We murmured prim thank yous and turned the corner he had pointed to. He turned it, too, and came around in front of us. "Aren't you going to talk to me?"

No answer.

"What's the matter with you girls? Don'tcha talk to people when they help you out? Look, you're Doris (pointing to me) and I'm Dominic, and you're . . . ?

"She's not Doris."

"I heard you call her that."

"You didn't hear me correctly then."

"Well, how can I ask you girls for dates if I don't know your names?"

"You can't."

"Well, tell me your names then."

"No, there's no point. We couldn't go out on dates with you anyway."

"Why not?"

"We are leaving Boston on the 5:15 train."

"Next Saturday, then."

"No."

"Why not?"

"We always leave on the 5:15 train."

"Why?"

"To go back to school."

"What kind of a school do you go to? One for wayward girls? You are wayward girls maybe?"

"No." He looked disappointed. "We are in a hurry. We are meeting friends after lunch."

"You won't talk to me?"

"We have talked to you, and we have told you that we cannot go out on dates with you. We have thanked you for directions and now we have to go, if you will excuse us."

"Excuse you? I want to talk to you. I don't want to excuse you. You don't trust me, maybe? You think I try to pick you up?"

"We think only that we are late for lunch and that you were very nice to give us directions, but we are going to leave now." We walked, half expecting him to follow, but he only grinned and was lost among the ladies comparing peach prices and the chestnut vendors. Hilary and I looked at each other, relieved, and a little flattered, and very hungry for roast beef at Durgin Park.

The Road

I went walking by the road to-day.
The tar road, that leads down to the house.
Where, years ago, the tar held firm as
Master of the grassy weeds and
Brambles that cover the fields.
Where the branches of the trees
Hung back into the somber woods and
Dared not cross the sunny path.
Then the road cut clean and hard
Through the fields and down the hill.
Modern, it was, and permanent, they said.

But now the road is ill defined.
The edges have broken under advancing
Grasses and pebbles, washed down in rain.
Branches bend heavily over the road,
Pulled down by their burden of leaves
That cover the aging road in shadows.
The road is broken and passes gently
Where once it was hard and new.

ALICE HELFFERICH, '62



Printed by the Eagle-Tribune Printing, Lawrence, Mass.



The Abbot Courant

June 1962

The Abbot Courant

VOLUME LXXXX

JUNE 1962

NUMBER 3



PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Published three times yearly: December, March, June
Printed by Eagle-Tribune Printing, Lawrence, Mass.

Editor-in-Chief

Andrée Conrad

Assistant Editor

Elizabeth Wood

Senior Editors

Alice Helfferich

Susan Niebling

Darcy Wheeler

Art Editor

Anne MacDougall

Art Assistant

Hilary Hayes

Senior Middler Editors

Deborah Fitts

Lois Golden

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Faculty Advisor

Ann Werner

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Au Courant

WE have attempted this year to present the *Courant* in a mood; that is to say, we have rationalized the contents into a vaguely correlated entity. The editorials corresponded to a certain extent with the contents of the issues. This being the last issue, quite distinct from the first or second or other issue, the editorial is not like the magazine, but about it.

I believe a few confessions are in order. The issue is comprised mainly of poetry — good poetry — and a little prose. The articles are, for the most part, by members of the *Courant* board. The art is even less representative of the school.

Already I have established the issue as forbiddingly esoteric, produced by the smallest minority in the school. I suppose it is a private work, this issue; but it is for the school, and there is some of the best work ever produced in this school in the June '62 *Courant*.

It has a purpose, this issue: it is dedicated to a teacher of writing: a collection of writing, a tribute to Ann Sanford Werner. The *Courant* advisor, who for six years has molded the magazine into a medal winner, has given up her red pen, with which she wrote kind advice, and her stove, from which she fed starving board members. She is withdrawing to the writers' haven at Peterboro where the Werners have been living off and on for sixteen years.

For six years, then, we present, we hope, a rose in exchange.

A. C.

Lying on the bed of hell
I am alone.
I am the free spirit of me
And the spirit of life,
Seeing all, knowing all,
Loving all.
But I am alone.

I am the free spirit
For I can
Rush with the spring freshets,
Dive and twist between sticks
And rocks and sandbanks
Of the sidewalks river.
And bubble over a curving leaf,
Fall down a minuscule cascade and bounce back
And ride again with the spring freshets.

But you cannot ride with me.
You will flail and gasp
And sink to the sidewalk
Or lodge on a passing weed
And breathe the air.
You do not breathe the spring rivulets.
You cannot ride with me.

I can walk with a little bug
And look around
 antennae twitching
Looking for prey.
Out of my many-prismed eye
I see the giants of the earth,
Can feel only the mechanic movements
Of my jointed legs,
Can be squooshed by a foot
To non-entity.

But you are trapped by human flesh.
Can you comprehend
The strivings of this bug?
You do not spin a broad and intricate web
Or dance with the bees.
Do you go when the crickets call?
You cannot put off the cloak of bondage;
You cannot walk with me.

I want to build a large house
With the little people of the world.
I need the energy of the spring brook
And the industry of the little bug
And the spirit of the air
And gleeful life.
Can't you put off your bondage
And build with me?

SUSAN MALLORY, '62

The Little Things

MY theory is to leave the world problems to the President, money problems to parents, and worrying about me to anyone and everyone. In the meantime, I concern myself with the little things in life, which are extremely important to the happiness of a student.

Little things can help do away with that feeling that what you need is something you don't have. This feeling is conducive to borrowing and then to lending and then to needing more things than before. Therefore the first thing a student should do is to learn to live happily with what he already has. Then, secondly, he should acquire the skill of successful buying for successful living. The latter is not as easy as one might think because the wise student buyer buys things that are useful not only for what they were meant to do but for a lot of other things, too. Advertisers lure unskilled student buyers into buying stuff that is only good for one thing, and often the advertisers can get students to buy stuff in pieces by saying that it's quick and easy to put together when actually it can't even be attempted without first having a college education so that you can at least read the directions with a certain amount of understanding.

I cannot say what is useful and what is not because different students have different needs, but take my plastic letter opener for example; it represents a useful, inexpensive purchase, which was disguised by a useless appearance. Well, useless to me, because I open all my letters in front of my mailbox and have them completely read by the time I get to my room. As a skilled buyer I could see its hidden possibilities and therefore bought it, and I have since used it as a nail cleaner, cake cutter, orange depitter, back scratcher, eyebrow pencil sharpener, package opener, peanut butter spreader, and all purpose stirrer.

My roommate, Donna, was a skilled buyer before I even began to influence her. In fact, she has one successful purchase which is so useless looking that it even had me fooled. She has a genuine

Max Factor eyebrow brush which comes in its own black plastic case. I thought it was useless, because Donna has light reddish-blond eyebrows, which become invisible to the naked eye at a distance of over five feet. It is doubly useless, because a finger can do the job just as nicely. However the eyebrow brush has proved the skill and confidence of its buyer by transforming itself into a toothbrush during that awkward week when I had hers in the pound. I have also seen it used to apply leather conditioner to her shoes. When I went to visit Donna in Boston she cooked our lunch and I happened to recognize that the little brush was being used to baste butter, and then later she fetched it again to clean the dust off her records. I asked her if there was anything else she did with it and she said she often used it to clean silver. Thus, you see that little things can really make life easier.

The third important point for successful living is to learn to live happily with the little things you hate or to eliminate them or merely prevent them from occurring, which is almost the same thing.

Eliminating and preventing can be easily accomplished with a little brain work. For example, sometimes I write letters to everyone I know, and when that's done I send one of those chain letters that ask for a quarter to anyone I dislike. This procedure cures lots of things that irritate me — like having nothing to do, reaching into an empty mailbox, being out of money and seeing my enemies get rich. My roommate hates crookedly hanging window shades; as a result, ours don't hang at all because they're rolled all the way up.

Living with little problems can also mean solving them, ignoring them, or avoiding them. For instance, I always get annoyed when I can't open something and then I feel like throwing it on the floor, but instead I give it to someone else to open. Actually lots of people enjoy showing you how strong they are. I solved the banging radiator problem by plugging my ears with cotton.

With a little practice any student can lead a calm life by having those important little things working for him instead of against him.

WENDY JOLINE, '63

Among grave shadows of the earth
the mushroom thrives.
And sudden is the birth.
A touch in moss,
a moment's tiny stalk,
so soon become the dignity of dome.
The origin is warmth of soil and loam.
The scent is recent mustiness,
the texture cool firm brown.
For a mushroom holds
like a headful of deep summer breath
with no sigh.

With no sigh.

But sudden is the cut of knife.
A mushroom bleeds not loss of life.
The tissue filaments now bare
like tissue paper dry and tear.
And unprotected
crack like sterile ribs.
No sigh to follow inward breath
is Death.

SUSAN NIEBLING, '62



IT was college weekend in Bermuda. Sheila was seventeen and doing the limbo. "Nice bracelet you're wearing." One of the beer-filled carousers lunged into her. It was a ridiculous bracelet that she had put on only because the blue in it matched her shorts. The bar was lowered and the bongos beat faster. "Limbo, limbo, limbo like me:" her turn to limbo again. She arched under the bar and came back to her place beside the patio wall. She did not really belong to the crowd of twos.

"Let's go for a motor bike ride." The carouser was persistent. Maybe it was because she was not one of the twos, or maybe it was because she had never been on a motor bike, or maybe because the limbo and planters' punch had made her forget that girls from Fairfield just did not get picked up that she said, "Okay". Afterwards she was surprised to find that she had agreed.

They walked up the dirt path from the gay terrace. She felt free stubbing her feet in the dry dust of a strange island as she walked hand in hand with a boy whose name she did not know.

"That bit about your bracelet was a pretty poor line," he half apologized.

"I know," she said, and felt surprised again.

He acted vague and had a hard time finding his motor bike. He had probably finished too many beers. "I think it's white," he said. They looked for the bike together without saying anything. Finally they found it tangled with five others. He dug in his pocket for the padlock key. It took a while. Sheila stood silently aware that the sun felt good in the middle of her back. They walked the bike up the hill of the parking lot. The pavement felt hot, and the stones dug into her tender feet. At the top of the hill she balanced herself on the back. Forty miles an hour

down a steep, winding road; she tightened her arms around his waist, too timid to admit that she was frightened. Pastel houses, Negro children in navy blue school uniforms, brilliant houses hurried by.

He turned around. "How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Oh."

On they rode. Sheila's legs grew stiff from holding them out straight so that they would not touch the road or the hot surface of the bike's generator. Occasionally as they leaned into a sharp curve her big toe stubbed along the rough pavement, but it was better than the brown burn scorched by hot metal. Her sister had gotten a motor bike burn once and it had taken days to heal.

Sheila got used to the speed and gradually unclasped her arms from around the boy's waist. The wind tangled her hair. For the first time she realized she was not wearing a scarf. She looked at the boy's back in front of her, close to her. The shoulders were very broad. She could see the outline of his muscles as the wind blew at his striped shirt. On both sides of the road the Atlantic shone turquoise. She leaned her head against his back. She could hear him breathing.

"What's your name?" he shouted over his shoulder. He had a Southern drawl.

"Sheila."

"Oh. I'll pick you up at eight. Where are you staying?"

"What's yours?"

"Chip."

"At the Elbow Beach Club."

A Volkswagen police car swerved across the road and honked. Chip drove on. "Damn." The policemen stopped and looked after the Americans. Who else drove on the right side of the road?

"That's the airport."

They stopped. A jet landed. Wrinkled people descended. He laughed at her hair.

"Come on."

They half-skipped, half ran toward the coral beach. It was an uncomfortable beach of coral shells and no sand. Chip still had hold of her hand. They lay down and looked up at the sky and counted cloud animals.

"Why is the water so blue?" He told her of the clear sand and the reflection of the sky and leaned over and kissed her. The sunshine was bright and she squinted. The coral shells were sharp to lie on. "No," she said.

They got up to go. Her feet were bruised, but she said nothing. Gingerly she followed him to the bike and got on. They were racing the wind again across a narrow isthmus, on the edge of a cliff, down to the green lawns that lined the harbor.

The streets were crowded with bicyclers, and cars, and people. The *Queen of Bermuda* had just docked and the shouts of "Taxi!" filled the narrow road. A sign read ten miles an hour. They were going twenty-five. The island was too slow. Trimmingham's, Queen Street, they wove around autos and people.

"I know a short cut." Suddenly they were lost among pastel houses and tropical flowers. Sheila said nothing. She was lost with a strange boy. His name was Chip. He had a Southern drawl, and he went to Dartmouth. They sped through winding alleys. There were Negroes sitting listlessly by the roadside.

A circle: they were back in Hamilton, back to the signs of sailfish for rent, and boats to hire. Chip swerved crazily among the cars. A corpulent Negress laden with groceries ambled in front of him. He did not stop.

Sheila held him and closed her eyes. The bike jolted. The terrified woman screamed. They stalled. The town had stopped to watch. Chip got off to look at the woman.

"Sorry," he said.

"Arrest him!" she cried.

A wizened cabbie helped pick up the oranges and cracker boxes.

"Come on." The young Americans rode off, and the town resumed its business. Volkswagen crawled in the streets. Tourists bought kid gloves.

"Let's get a drink." He accelerated. They were hurrying, hurrying to a bar for a drink.

"Okay," she said softly, and the wind blew her words to the lilies behind them.

"Two Seagram seven and sevens."

They went onto the porch and gazed at the water. The bartender brought the drinks. He looked at Sheila and thought about her to himself. The drink was sweet. It tasted good.

"Two more." "Two more." "Two more"

x x x x x x x x x x

The phone rang. Sheila walked slowly toward the desk to answer it, straining to hook her merry widow as she went.

"Hi."

"Hi."

"Ready?"

"I'll be down," she answered with a new coolness.

Her sister walked into the room. "Wish I was going out tonight."

"I can't reach the top hook. Will you do it for me?"

"What are you going to wear?"

"Thanks. The white dress." She took the Lanz sheath out of the closet and wriggled it over her hips. "I should have brought a girdle." She looked into the mirror over the sink and studied her skin. "I really got sunburned today." She brushed her teeth and quickly put on her green heels.

Chip leaned against the rail, watching the staircase and evaluating the girls that descended. Sheila came down. He nodded. They walked out and got on his motor bike.

Her sheath rode up over her knees. The gate keeper stared at her long legs as the bike sped by. At the bottom of the hill the bike stalled. Chip stopped. He balanced the bike against his leg and kissed the side of her neck. His breath was warm. He had been drinking Scotch. The gears clicked. They were off again, rushing into the hot night. Her dress climbed. She tried to pull it down. The stillness buzzed with the sound of motor bikes. Fairfield seemed far away. Tonight . . . Bermuda . . . Sheila was pleased with the present. Ahead of them a green light lighted a small patch of road. Chip stopped, and Sheila hopped off the fender. A bit of grease smeared her skirt.

"Hey C. C., who's the broad? We're having a party."

"Cut it out."

"Ah, C. C."

"C. C., Chocolate Chip," he said to Sheila in explanation.

"Oh."

They went in. A dirty napkin on the bar read, "A B C Club." A sloppy Negro took their order.

"Two scorpions."

Chip talked to the girl beside him while Sheila studied the room. It was poorly lit, but even so she was aware of the filth embedded in the porous surface of the green cinder block walls. She put her hand on the bar. It felt dirty. Some bugs were eating a potato chip at the end of the counter.

The Negro brought the drinks. "You want to go in the back room?" he grinned. "Want him to take you, little lady?"

"Damn nigger. Finish your drink and let's go." A juke box began to wail. They finished their drinks and left.

"Bye, C. C."

"Damn."

"Bye, Beautiful."

"Bye."

"The Talbot Brothers are at Elbow," said Chip gunning the motor. He accelerated. The wind whipped at her face. A strange urgency overtook them. Chip leaned forward as if trying to hasten the bicycle in its flight. Forty-five. Fifty. Fifty-five. Sixty. They reached the steep driveway leading to the club and started to climb. Three quarters of the way up the bike stalled so that they had to get off and walk the rest of the way. Chip leaned the bike up against a tree and padlocked the spokes of the rear wheel.

"The floor show's downstairs." He took her hand and led her to a table by the wall. The room was filled with the noises of fun-seekers: clinking glasses, laughter, scuffling feet, piano, drum, saxophone, bass. Sheila's eyes glistened. He ordered two daiquiris and whirled her out onto the crowded dance floor. The red walls, the bright lights, the smiles blurred before her eyes and became a wondrous rainbow.

"Here's to your talkative grey eyes." It seemed to Sheila that they had been dancing and laughing all her life.

"We haven't played do-you-know yet," she giggled. "You're getting drunk."

"I don't get drunk from liquor, only sex."

"That's peculiar. Do you know what? I think that cute little palm tree in the corner must have been Martha Washington once. She's the type that would turn into a palm tree when she died. I'm going to be a daiquiri."

Chip's arm was around her waist leading her down the stone steps to the coral sand and the sounding Atlantic. They were not alone; everyone seemed to be walking down to the beach: people in shorts, girls in dresses, boys with their ties undone.

"Where are we going?" His arm felt protective. She liked having it wrapped tight around her. They reached the patio and stood by the wall where he had met her eighty thousand years ago.

"HMMMMMMMM." She leaned back and closed her eyes. "I hate shoes. You're lucky that you don't have to wear high heels. Anyway, your feet are too fat." She took off her shoes and put them under the table. "Don't let me forget them."

"Come on." He pulled her toward the beach.

She stumbled over the hillocks of sand and into the tracks of a jeep that had driven by earlier that evening. Dark humps of people on army blankets were strewn over the beach. Some of them were whispering, but most of them were still and silent.

"Shall we stop?" He consulted her for the first time all day. They sat down on top of a dune among damp grasses. She looked at the sky, and the stars, and then at his eyes. The two of them were alone. He lay down, and she lay down beside him, resting her head on his outstretched arm. The sand was cool. He slipped off her hair ribbon and kissed her. She lay there thinking of nothing and yet everything. For a long time they lay beside each other without saying anything. He reached for her. She moved away and sat up shivering in the moonlight. Her head was spinning. The happiness was gone.

He came near her and breathed in her ear. "I don't understand you. You're the only one who's ever said no." He paused. No answer. "I won't toss you over tomorrow," he persuaded. "I'll pick you up at eleven and we'll rent a sailfish." She was still. "Please. I thought today when we were on the bike and you were behind me, quiet and wide-eyed, that I should love you."

Sheila choked, maybe on a cough, maybe a sob. "No."

"I want to love you. Why won't you let me love you?"

She could see his hurt eyes. They were close to her, pleading.

"Tomorrow?"

Sand flicked in his face. The quiet, wide-eyed girl who did not understand her emotions fled down the beach to the patio, to pick up her shoes, then up the stone steps to the hotel, to her room with the shut door behind which she muffled her sobs in a strange pillow.

She met another boy, a boy from Williams whose cousin she knew. Together they played tennis and together found Bermuda beautiful. After a week he took her to the airport and kissed her good-bye.

On the plane home Chip sat behind her holding another girl on his lap. The stewardess came by and took his cocktail order.

"Two Seagram seven and sevens."

Cat-night

Dara sits glaring fierce from
heights of an icebox.
Her blue eyes stare crossed
in agitation.
Yowl loud and tail twitching
to be let out
Into night to jump June-bugs,
chase moth shadows.

ALICE HELFFERICH, '62

Red Spider

Red spider sits upon the stone
a drop of blood
Amongst the lichen and fungi
a bead of amber
Upon the rough surface.

Perfect red sphere rising to
the horizon
Of the sizzling plain
of heat
That bakes all to crispness.

Red spider, infinitesimal
red dot
Moving steadily onward.
I admire you.

ALICE HELFFERICH, '62

Let me creep down, somehow,
between the grass blades
and wriggle there intoxicated
by the new mown green.

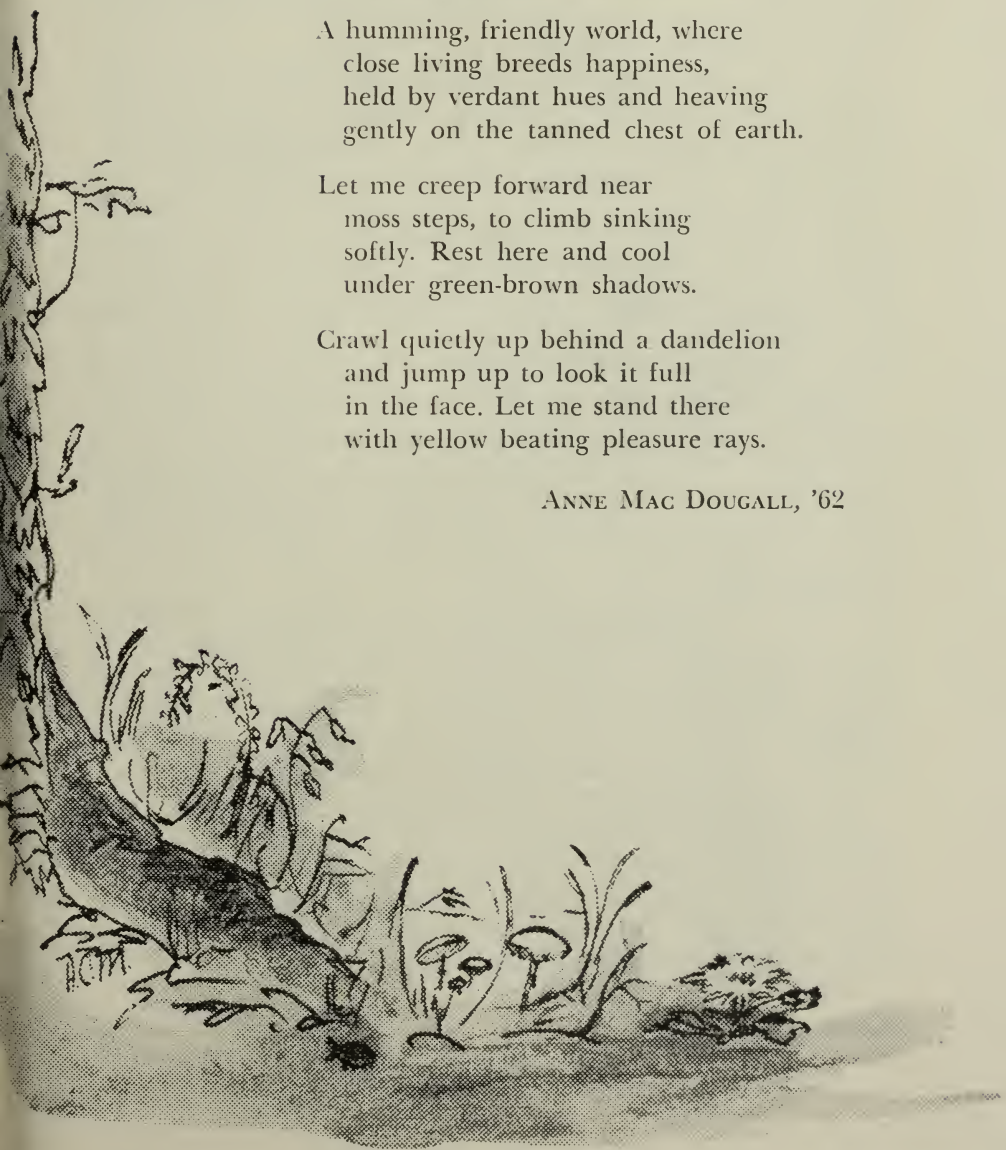
Let me lie with ear pressed
close — listen to Nature's heartbeat
while grasses brush each
other and sway compassionately.

A humming, friendly world, where
close living breeds happiness,
held by verdant hues and heaving
gently on the tanned chest of earth.

Let me creep forward near
moss steps, to climb sinking
softly. Rest here and cool
under green-brown shadows.

Crawl quietly up behind a dandelion
and jump up to look it full
in the face. Let me stand there
with yellow beating pleasure rays.

ANNE MAC DOUGALL, '62



Marmalade

THE Greek words *meli* (similar to meaning honey) and *melon* were fused to fit the sweet apple, the apple which is grafted on a quince; these words are the roots of marmalade.

The marmalade tree is a tropical American tree whose egg-shaped, single seeded fruit is the marmalade plum. One may make preserves of this plum, a thick, pulpy jam; it is this jam and the thick pulpy jams of the quince, orange, grapefruit, and guava which are called marmalade.

Of a more gluey texture is molasses (L.L. *mellaceus* honeylike, honey-sweet); I remember drinking powerful doses of molasses under the iron hand of my great-uncle to improve the iron content of my blood; what a peculiar child I was to prefer liver.

Of the same gluey texture is the voice of an FM radio announcer. The honeyed tones of this femme fatale should keep all ears attentive to her station; I rather would have boiling honey poured into my ears that listen to her mellifluous tones. I imagine there are mellivorous and mellisurgent souls who would have to be insensible to Brahms to eat and 'suck' her honeyed tones as they do.

Mildew (akin to Gr. *melitau* meaning honeydew) has never sounded like mold or unpleasant smelling towels to me. I rather would have it a pot of blue clay, dropped by the fairies. Indeed, mildew once meant honeydew; honeydew, the 'saccharine exudite' which one finds on leaves in warm weather, could have been left behind by fairies.

A melon (Gr. origin unknown) is, of course, a temptation to the cook, for when it has convinced her of its ripeness so that she is induced to cut it, it is not ripe; she is tempted to smash the rude thing. Did you know that a *melongena* (of Persian origin) is an eggplant or that *melocoton* (Spanish *melocotón* a kind of peach tree and its fruit) is a peach grafted on a quince?

One tastes sweet fruits as a melonmonger, and one may taste sweet, sour, and acrid fruits as a maker of marmalade. My next jar of preserves will be called quince (of the family *Malaceae*, Latin, *malum*, apple — akin to our friend marmalade) and eggplant (*melongena*) — a kind of melon — after all — one may make marmalade from melons, mayn't one?

DONNA YOUNGBLOOD, '63

Two Poems

I have waded in the water
Of first love,
Wistfully, viewing a distant ocean
Endless, enduring
The love my friends share.

I find the water beautiful
And dangerous —
The light waves lapping at my feet
Bring dreams
And smiles for no reason,
Yet the sands
Fall beneath my feet,
And the currents
Swiftly
Change.

How can this be?
Can those long, warm days
Have gone so quickly that I,
Blinded by the education,
Failed to sense their passing?
Must I so soon forget
The busy days in the woods
Where we used to cook foods
Pretending that we
Were doctors and nurses?
Must I so soon resign myself to
The new of living?
No! I will not believe it!
Come, the sun is still hot
On my face, and the ground
Still warm to my feet;
I will take my mother's
Sheep and goats home.
After they are quiet and settled,
I will go behind the house
And watch the setting sun
I wonder, did you notice
How soon the darkness comes?

MUTHONI GITHUNGO, '63



Genesis

“**A**ND the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.” And the little child turned the light on and off again and marveled in his power to make a dark room light.

And he built a castle of sand and was King of it; he built a high wall to keep the waters out and planted trees in its gardens; and in his imagination, the trees grew and flowered and bore cherries and apples.

“Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven.” And when he squinted at the star, he could make it two or three stars; if he stared at the sun, he could look away and find a blue sun in the sand and a purple sun in the seas.

And he cared for his fish and watched it swim the edges of its bowl world; he fed it and made it a stone castle, and when it gave birth to other fish, it was because he had cared for it.

“Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the sea, and let fowl multiply the earth.” And in the summer if he built a kite and flew it from the highest hill, he gave it bird’s wings and a bird’s form and he sailed it up into the wind. It was almost as wonderful a creation as a sea bird, so high and proud — wild and unattainable; but he always held fast to the kite-string.

And the child dreamed dreams, and within himself he lived a thousand lives. He lived in the notes of the thrush’s song and in the words of philosophers and poets and in the castles of his own ideas. A thousand times he listened for the notes of the chords which would be his life-song. A thousand times he sketched in nebulous strokes the outlines of his great composition; he moved a line here and an object there and shaded and erased, and then redrew and shaded and erased.

And one day he saw that he was no longer dreaming lives but living dreams, and he was still King of his castles and held the string of his bird-kite.

And out of his dreams he carved his life and his work and his future, and the shavings fell by the wayside. And he saw a woman and loved her, and there came new dreams.

“Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness,” and the father now stood over his son and mused on this small image of himself, this fruit of his own seed, each tiny, perfect finger and the eyes that opened and closed. And he wished him a good sleep and turned out the light, and unimagined castles and kites loomed high in the dark of the future.

KATHIE KRAUSE, '62

Acrid and bright in a fortnight's dark corner.

Lemon yellow

You cut a bitter portrait.

Your yellow rind a night cat's eye.

And knifed —

the acid edge of your flesh,

your cruel seed.

Lemon yellow

fallen and

cast

a frozen sun.

SUSAN NIEBLING, '62

Roots

In the heart of my mother the prairies roll
with timeless turf, over her fathers — their cheeks taut —
over abandoned prairie schooners whose canvases billowed and
stretched once with wind, but are sod now.
Over, over, the mounds overlapping will cover my mother
when she is dead.

But I, I am a changeling of misted grasslands,
a child of the willow root who races the lilies through
the lamb's quarters down the bank to cows' slips
and cool algae — to drink.

What shall cover me when the stream's bed cracks and
the mauve veins of the iris flow white and dry . . . ?

Or I,
a changeling of a wisteria vine, cling to a gnarled
crabapple tree
and droop innocent bunches of blue lockets, cluster of
small loves,
under the buds, the doubled blossoms of the crabapple.
I cling to my crabapple, squeezing from each blossom
the fragrance — yet, I love in return with clusters
of blue-hearts.

My mother lies with timeless turf and I with her, a
running willow,
a drooping wisteria.

DONNA YOUNGBLOOD, '63

That's My Cat — She's Fat

'That's my cat
She's real fat
Lyin' there
Coolin' stare
Mighty purr
Peaked fur
Minty eyes
Eyin' flies
That's my cat
She's fat.

LOIS GOLDEN, '63

A Note On The Trojan War

Touch not the hand that feeds,
For one day it will bite.

The dog does suffer not at all,
But is the master's fright.

And so, my darling, when it's cold
But yet the sun is south,

Remember when you turn to friends,
Don't look them in the mouth.

BARBARA BICKLY, '62

RONNY opened his eyes to the pale light of just-before-dawn. Beside him, taking up the greatest part of the bed, Jennifer snored gently. Usually Ronny awoke in the morning to find himself pushed halfway out, but not this morning.

“ ’Tis a good sign,” he thought.

He could remember his landlord, Mr. Guilder, talking to him about cows, long before he had married Jennifer, and saying, “Ronny, many people think that cows are all alike in appearance, but it’s not true. Cows are as different as men — they’re large and they’re small, heavy and delicate. Now consider Jennifer Nadel. For a woman she is exceedingly heavy and grand. So is Dream, for a cow, quite the heaviest I’ve ever seen. Whereas you, Ronny, are built on small lines, and likewise our little Lapis is very dainty.”

Ronny had never thought of Jennifer as being grand before — just fat. Now when he passed her in the village he began to scrutinize her more carefully. Certainly a wife like Jennifer Nadel would not bear weaklings for children; but if he married a fragile girl, his offspring might be even smaller than he was himself. His size had always been a source of unhappiness to him, and he wanted any sons of his to have a better lot. True, he didn’t love Jennifer, but — he decided to ask her. Jennifer didn’t love Ronny, either, but she knew that she would never be proposed to again, and she accepted.

After many years of marriage Ronny now felt great affection for his large wife with her gay spirit and competent ways. He had three sons who were sturdy and well able to help him in his farm-work for Mr. Guilder. Life was good to him, except for the inconvenience in the matter of the bed, and that was a minor matter.

As he walked through the village on his way to the pasture, many farmers’ wives sang greetings to Ronny from their windows. No one can be morose on a summer morning in England.

"Beeyuteeful morning, Ronny," called John Bulger.

"That it is, John," answered Ronny.

The Bulgers had a bright yellow door, the only thing that was not brown in the village of thatched cottages.

"Like sunshine it is," thought Ronny. "Someday I shall buy a pot of paint and Jennifer and I will have a door like that."

He brought the cows back from the pasture, and one by one he led them into the milking room. Leaning his cheek against Dream's side to support himself he made the milk squirt rhythmically into the pail by the alternating gentle pressure of his hands. Dream's eyelids always fell closed before Ronny had taken even half her milk from her, and each day there was difficulty when she refused to leave the milking room. Ronny's gentleness had a hypnotizing effect on her.

He filtered each pail into a large milk jug and then removed a bucketful and put it aside. He weighed the jug and wrote down on the chart the number of pounds, so that Mr. Guilder could check it with the report sent back by the milk company. He hauled the jug onto a pusher and wheeled it into the village to meet the milk lorry.

"Beeyuteeful morning, Ronny," called John Bulger. He was very loquacious and always forgot what he had said to whom. John's little daughter was skipping rope in the lane, and Ronny gave her pigtails a tug. She turned around laughing and hugged him around the waist. Ronny picked her up and threw her high in the air. Her delight made him joyous.

Back in the barnyard Ronny picked up the extra bucket of milk and took it home to Jennifer. She poured it, equally divided, into ten glass bottles, covered them, and put them in the frig. Thirty minutes later Mrs. Bulger knocked on the door. Jennifer handed her one of the bottles, and she gave Jennifer a shilling. During the morning several other people of the town came in, and to each Jennifer gave a bottle of milk in return for a shilling.

Ronny worked clipping hedges, whistling, his hair damp on his forehead. He cut the dead tops of the poppies off their stems, so that they would blossom again. In Mr. Guilders's garden he dug up the tiny new potatoes, washed them, and put them on his landlord's doorstep.

Mr. Guilders came out just as Ronny was leaving and said, "The hedges look very even and elegant, Ronny. 'Tis an excellent piece of work."

"That's very kind of you, sir," said Ronny. "I do enjoy clipping hedges."

When the whippoorwill had already started singing, Ronny walked home to Jennifer and his sons. The dinner was large and they all ate, silently and contentedly. When the boys were in bed, Ronny took out his pipe and Jennifer her ironing.

"Ronny, please let us be done with this stealing milk from Mr. Guilders," said Jennifer. "I can no longer look him in the eye and I have constant nightmares about being found out. We must stop. We must."

"Ah, Jennifer, someday we'll stop . . . when the boys are grown up and supporting us. But forget it. Right now it makes things so much more devilishly convenient than they would be otherwise, there's no point in stopping. And think, the Bulgars would never be able to afford such good milk if we did not sell it to them at half price. We are doing good, in a way. Now put't from your mind."

A Water Trough on an Abandoned Farm

Quiet mossy tubs stand
Cool in the afternoon of mauve and
Silver, In the dust of the
Smiling noon.
They stand, four round legs, in the
Dust of a thousand childhood
Dreams, Silent in the beauty
Of moss.

ROSEMARIE MONATT, '64

HA IK U



Souriante, joyeuse,
brillante comme étoile —
tranquille jonquille.

Vous me faites plaisir:
êtes-vous musicien,
oiseau-lyre?

Deux yeux doux me voient,
petites cornes, barbiche,
voilà! chevrete.

Soir bleu et vert, plumes
de dentelle, pompons
roses mimosa.

Souffle frais de l'air,
on chiffone la mer —
voiles triangulaires.

EMORY WOOD, '64

Crystal Ball

Down First Avenue I walked,
by a hotel,
under a canopy.
High hotel: dizzy.
'Excuse me, sir.'

Drugstore on the corner,
'Revlon's best,'
prescriptions filled.
Dirty drugstore: squirm.
Go on.

Forget the dying fall,
think ahead,
Christmas soon.
Carols playing: music.
Shop.

Tiffany's on Fifty-sixth,
few windows
but costly rocks.
Number Two: address.
Find Number One.

Fashions on Park,
Saks on Fifth,
striking styles.
Ummm: how much?
Go on.

Art Shop on a side street,
little statues,
bamboo screening.
Modern painting: blur.
Stand back.

Foreign restaurant on this alley,
cheesy odors,
Pizza Villa.
Italian wine: calling.
Go in.

Atlas and his wire world,
a strong image
across the street.
See the people: look.
Shiver.

A small shop on the next street,
new hats and
sheer stockings.
Plastic model: no arms.
Look ahead.

Across the cobblestones,
fast yellow taxis,
please stop.
High hotel: dizzy.
'Excuse me, sir.'

VALERIE CRANE, '62

“What Did You See in Italy?”

AROUND the Villa there were old Roman walls, crumbling and root-riddled, covered with creeping, sprawling grape vines.

“You must have felt strange, living in a country, a house that was not your own.”

The Villa was completely unlike our cozy, warm, New England house; it was big and grand and full of high ceilings and wide-seated chairs. I was startled the first morning that I awoke in a strange room and heard unfamiliar sounds. There were no milk-truck brakes to squeak, and no beagles barked; instead the air was busy with donkey brays and yells of distorted, nightmarish tongues. Then I remembered that I was not at home; my feet seemed to have forgotten though, because they recoiled as they touched the cold marble floor. Yes, I felt strange.

Giovanni was the Villa gardener, and his wife, Luisa, and their daughter, Assunta, were the maids. At first they all appalled me because they talked fast and made wild gesticulations with their hands; they always seemed angry.

Assunta was my age. One day I noticed her staring at my tweed skirt; her skirt was made of a faded cotton print. I didn't want to feel different and shrank away from her, but as I was reading alone in the library, she crept up and fingered the edge of my skirt. I jumped up, frightened, and she retreated a few feet and let out a torrent of words. My father came to the rescue; “she only wants to know what your skirt is made of.” So, that was all; but what was the word for ‘wool’ in Italian? I imitated a sheep’s ‘baa’ and drew an animal form in the air with my finger. “Pecore! Pecore!” Sheep! Sheep! From that time on we were like sisters.

“You must have felt more at home among your American friends at school.”

Even though I was surrounded by other Americans at the N.A.T.O. base school, I felt foreign. No, I didn't know the ‘hit tunes back in the States’, nor had I ever gone ‘steady’, but I was still American! Why did the boys stare so coldly at me? Why did

the girls look suspiciously and critically at my clothes, which were as American as their own? I had one good friend at school, and she was English; we two 'foreigners' stuck together.

I loved Signor Legio, our Italian teacher, because he was very Italian, short, and full of hand gestures and odd facial expressions. No one else liked him. His classes were agonizing to sit through because the boys in the back row would call him names, to his face — 'Legio the Degio' — and threw spit balls at the blackboard. He seemed to take this meekly, as though admitting that he was Italian, and they were American, and he had no right to punish them. Mentally, I stood up in class and screamed at the back-row gang to respect him, to stop calling 'wop' and 'dago'; but I never had enough courage to carry the idea through because I didn't want to be regarded as a real traitor whose sympathies weren't with her own people. I was the only one who admittedly wanted to learn Italian.

"What did you do with yourself isolated from other Americans, from the civilized world?"

(What is your definition of 'civilized'?)

I spent afternoons with Assunta; together we roamed fields and beaches, explored caves and the Roman ruins. Poppies, papaveri, daisies, margarite — she taught me the names of the flowers in Italian, and I taught her their English names. She took me to neighboring farms and introduced me to her friends. I always brought my sketch pad with me and drew animals and favorite dogs, and sometimes portraits of the little children; everyone stood around, watching me, curious and friendly. Assunta wanted to know about America, and how to count in English and say 'good morning' and 'good-bye'. We learned much from each other.

On Saturday nights we all played 'tombola' at Giovanni's house. Luisa's kitchen was small and warm; I sat on the faded linoleum floor and translated the big numbers to my brothers who had not yet learned to count beyond fifty. When we ran out of cardboard number-covers, we used kernels of corn. We bet five 'lire' per card, and the grand winner of the evening received a chocolate bar as an extra reward from Giovanni.

Sometimes we got lonely for home and played American games. Once we made a basket out of an old box, hung it up on the garage

door, and practiced basketball shots with a soccer ball. Soon, Tonino and Pasquali were playing the new game, using the seat of a chair frame for a basket.

“Weren’t you lonely without your own kind around you?”

(The Italians are as much ‘my own kind’ as any.)

At school I was still a ‘foreigner’, still lonely. I hated to sit by myself and hear the girls laughing and planning parties for their free afternoons. I was excluded from general plans because I didn’t live in the American ‘area’, because I had Italian friends and was making an effort to learn about the country.

The Americans lived together in a suburb of the city in comfortable, modern apartments. Their only contact with Italy came about because of the availability of cheap labor; they hired Italian maids and hairdressers and janitors. They wore American clothes, listened to American music, read American magazines, went to American movies.

(You wouldn’t have known that these people with all their shiny, new, American conveniences lived adjacent to one of the poorest districts of the city, where there were no windows, no running water or electricity).

Gay American housewives wheeled their fat, laughing babies down to the ‘commissary’ every day. The ‘commissary’ supplied them with the best American food — tons of thick, juicy, Texas beef, loaves of soft, white, crust-less bread, and boxes of ‘Italian-style’ spaghetti, and even milk. One girl complained that the ‘commissary’ potato chips were too salty.

(You wouldn’t have known that half the babies in the adjacent district died before the age of three months — of starvation, or that the babies that did survive lived on a daily meal of bread and what they could scavenge from the American garbage cans.)

(All Americans in Italy are rich; even the artists can go home if living gets too rough.)

“Since your parents were civilians and couldn’t go to the ‘commissary’, where did you buy decent food?”

We worked with Giovanni in his garden; he was brown-skinned, like one of his beans, from hoeing every day under the sun. At the Villa we ate some of his vegetables. We drank the wine which he fermented in the cellar with his own grapes. We picked oranges

and tangerines from a neighbor's grove, where narcissus bloomed between the trees. We fished with Tonino and Roberta, and at Lago Fusaro we dug for the same clams which the Romans had hailed as a delicacy.

Market day was the most exciting day of the week. We drove to the piazza at Puzzuoli and bought vegetables and chickens from the open-air venders. We bought sausage and veal from the butcher, and butter and cheese from another man. In the 'alimentari' we bought big loaves of bread with fire-blackened crusts, and pasta prepared with the famous ash-fertilized wheat of Southern Italy. We were careful of what we ate, and we were never sick.

"I thought Italian food was unfit to eat."

(The Americans told us that all Italian food was dirty and full of worms, and should be sprayed with chlorine to prevent hepatitis).

"I hear that Italians lead a merry life and are always happy and drunk."

Everyone in Italy drinks wine. The Italians drink it with meals because of the paucity of pure, drinkable water. Americans drink it because it is cheap and was a luxury at home. They say that the boys, the back-row gang of my Italian class, came home sick at night because they got drunk at the Italian bars.

(My father said that he never saw an Italian drunk on an ordinary weekday, and even on holidays, only to the point of gaiety).

"What did you see in Italy? Did you see the Roman Forum, St. Peter's or St. Mark's? Did you climb the Leaning Tower, swim in the Blue Grotto?"

Yes, I did all that, but more important, I met the real people of today's Italy, the farmers that work the fields, the women that raise the children. I saw their gay determination, spirit, and faith withstand poverty and wretchedness. I saw their scrawny animals, their thin harvests, their starving children; even in these worst times they wanted me to come and sit with them, to have a glass of wine and talk. They were always generous and friendly and natural. I saw them fight violently with each other, then stop and weep and forgive and then laugh. They were the happiest people I have ever seen, and the poorest; yet to me, even as a child, they seemed to hold priceless riches.

KATHIE KRAUSE, '62

Milkweed Seed

Released from milkweed pod, from dried, crackling womb
Who mothered daughters of milk-white hair,
Ripped from progenitor pod, from adhesive tomb,
She clung to a bramble to dry in the air.

Wafted by anxious lover, by pulsing gusts,
In a changeling's breath, her strands drowned,
Ascended to heights and down to the dusts,
— her brown seed wanting the ground.

Wrapped in strands, puffed by caresses, in sod
Who enclosed her to create,
Sprung out into a plant, into a pod
Whose milky-white strands the wind will mate.

DONNA YOUNGBLOOD, '63



Come running,
Lightly, like summer transparencies,
Pausing over each pale flower
But never turning to see
What's waiting behind,
Waiting carefully and softly.
Run swiftly, never looking
Behind occasional petals.
But the warmth of the golden beast
Slows each flight;
His fragrant breath gently destroys the cities of grass,
And the pale, delicate flowers
Become crisply brown and grey.
Even now the glowing, waiting animal,
The past of humankind's hatred and decay and love,
Is no longer behind.
He never was.

Come running,
Lightly, and before us crystal shatters
And rings of thorn are bright
With the dusky rose of flame.
For the beast is the golden of the sun
And the crimson feathers
Of the wounded whiteness of a dove.
In our very footsteps,
The fragile darkness
Obscures the strident voice
Guiding the land of tender self-blinded sheep
With the before of pageantry
And the Byzantine image of a mandorla-clad
monomaniac.
The beast waits in the jasmine scented dusk
Ahead.

BARBARA BICKLY, '62

*Barbara Bickly's poem, 'The Aztec Nation' published in the March Courant
has received a merit award in the Atlantic Contest.*

Piglet Thoughts

Puffball rotundity
Basking in dignified serenity.
A tuft of caramel and white —
Your chieftain headdress,
An occasional bite
Of soft grasses, crisp lettuce.
King of the guinea pig cage
And all the cedar shavings you survey.

This august stare,
Where does it go when you dare
To move? Thwomp, Thwomp,
Or buck in mid-air when
I come? Scuttle and plump
In a plywood lair and grin.
Sniff around the corner —
Hermit crab out of water.

Impertinent bather
You tremble and quaver
At grooming. Yet know
This little brush can't mar
Your fine back. Even so
There is endless patience for
One who whistles piglet-style
If I go by.

SUSAN MALLORY, '62



Sun-Sweetened

A RASPBERRY dropped without metallic greeting to the bottom of the pail. As it settled among the succulent berries lining the tin pail, the sun seized on its ripeness and squeezed it gently between smooth, dry slats of heat.

She whose pail it was grasped gingerly for the sweet fruits, and still her fingers smarted as quick blood mingled with the juice of scarlet berries. She watched for clusters easy to reach with a slip of a tanned arm and watched also the tarred macadam visible through the prickly meshwork, hot and soft but for the white lines glaring back at the sun in broken defiance.

Her barefoot soles were toughened by sand and stones and hot tar breaks, too wide to be hopped, between white lines. They slid through the grass and crossed creeping tendrils of bramble, dismissing lightly the brush of both.

A smile spelled the sweetness of summer sky and field of berries for cream to be churned and sugared and iced, yet she saved its corners for barefootsteps on the road. She saw him then, sprinting; not a furtive forbidden love or a scampering child, but a boy, glad to be awaited through the sheaf of spiny thicket.

Sun-spattered with peeling noses and whitened wind-starched hair, they came together. She took his hand. Sunseen, they spun a sugar parasol of squints and smiles, tinged with a taste of raspberry. They shared her pail.

DARCY WHEELER, '62

An Ode to Three Different Sorts of Love

I. Too Soon

Dead kittens under daisies,
under the summer sun,
during a breezy day.
Buried with child's tears
and cries of unbelief.
Daisies nodding quietly
with gleaming white halos.
Planted with wistful care
to ensure their carefree life,
watchful over kittens.
Soft, fuzzy, sweet yellow
Kittens, as young as
children, but dead too soon.

II. Old Wornness

Sheets blowing on washline,
taut, then billowing loose
in afternoon's winds.
New white and stiff,
unfamiliar and unused yet;
pale pink and old yellow,
worn with nights of tossing.
Renewed in wash of soap,
windy wash in sun and
a neat hour's folds.
Summer smells of sweetness
in bed and sleep in
freshness of old wornness.



III. Such Transitory

Red sumac, poison ivy red
from early frost,
light against the apple trees.
Wound about each other,
tightly bound around the roots
and flashing in the sun.
Glossy sheen of oily skin,
graceful, poisonous brightness.
Stiffly stands sumac
with crumbling red blossoms.
Shining color together,
yet indifferent in texture
and such transitory flame.

ALICE HELFFERICH, '62

THERE were bright lights shining in my eyes, there was a sudden jerk, and then it was dark. A ghostly stillness permeated the atmosphere, and the only noise was the strained breathing of six dazed persons. I could feel the beating of my heart to my finger tips, and as I gazed through the windshield at the outline of dark branches ahead, my first thought was, "Are we still here, is the car all right, or is this all a dream?" For a moment I simply could not think logically, so I just continued to stare blankly in front of me.

However, my reverie was soon interrupted by a rustling in the front seat and the deep quiet voice of my father, "Camilla, Mawrie, Paishy, Jono, Molly . . . are you all here?"

This was followed by an incoherent mumbling from each, and at last the ghostly, tense atmosphere inside the car was unbound. My father continued, "Mil, I think I'll drive. You'd better relax for a while . . . Oh, Mil, please don't cry. Darling, everything's all right. The kids aren't hurt, and the car's barely scratched. Just a sec, I'll get out and look at it."

There was a slight creaking as he opened the door, and a soft thump as his shoe hit the ground. I glanced at Mummy nervously, as she watched my father walk slowly around the car. Her right hand clutched the door handle, and her thumb was sliding slowly up and down it.

Daddy returned briskly and said almost cheerfully, "Well, let's get on our way. We have to reach Caux by tomorrow noon. The right rear wheel is only at the edge of the ditch". This gay attitude quite relieved the rest of us, and even Mummy seemed a bit more at ease. It was two o'clock in the morning, she had been getting sleepy, and had not realized that the formerly one-way road had now become two-way. Before she had noticed her mistake, a truck was heading straight at her; however, just in time, my father grasped the wheel, veering the car to safety and saving us by seconds only.

This was our famous trip — our long awaited trip to Europe. But was it really worth all this? Driving all night to arrive somewhere on time, nearly killing ourselves in the process? Of course it was. I should be thankful for being so fortunate as to be able to see Europe. We would soon be leaving Germany, and all tomorrow morning we would drive along narrow roads, between the deep green slopes and sparkling white peaks of the Swiss Alps.

So this was Caux, this was one of the principal centers of MRA (Moral Rearmament). The VW bus strained onward along the narrow winding road at its maximum uphill speed of fifteen miles an hour. We were all quite recovered from the night before. As we crept along the last curve, I saw ahead of me a large yellow-white stone building, the only one in sight, which I supposed to be MRA. It was extremely large, but not forbidding, and as we got out of the car, stiff, tired, and messy, a small white-haired man, wearing a dark tailored suit, walked up to us briskly and smiled. He addressed Daddy. "You must be Dr. Meigs." Before my father could nod assent, the little man continued with, "Yes, yes, we've been expecting you. Well, very good. You're very welcome here, I'm sure."

Immediately two porters came up to our bus and began to unload our suitcases, while we stood in the middle of everything, feeling rather foolish and helpless.

I reached into the car to get my wallet, of which I had no need, save for a feeling of security, glanced around to see what everyone else in my family was doing, beckoned to my brother Jono, and walked slowly towards the large glass doors of the MRA building. Just as I was about to push open the door, it was opened for me, and naturally quite startled, I peered through it to see a tall, dark, smiling man holding it sedately. Feeling utterly ridiculous for having shown my surprise so obviously, I immediately recovered my dignity and walked into a large paneled room with a sparkling chandelier, in the center, and a shining tiled floor. This was certainly a beautiful place, and the people very friendly, but there was an atmosphere somewhat of the nature of the gingerbread house in "Hansel and Gretel".

After having checked in at the main desk, we were shown to our rooms. The main hallway had a white stone floor with red and blue designs, all in mosaic. At the end of the hall were our rooms, four of them. Much to my surprise and horror, I was to share mine with two other girls, much older than I, and total strangers. After recovering from the initial shock, I soon saw the reason. The idea

of sharing with total strangers was to MRA the same as sharing with a best friend, and this was all according to principle; there were no secrets among these people; everyone knew everything about everybody.

"Excuse me, you're a Miss Meigs, aren't you? I don't know your name . . . Patience? Oh, well, Patience, won't you come and have dinner with me and my friend, Alice Hues?"

I looked around helplessly for a means of escape, and then turned back, forced a smile and said, "Uh, . . . yes, I'd love to, uh . . . thank you very much. What's your . . . I mean . . . uh . . . did you tell me your name?"

"Oh, I'm very sorry. I'm Cynthia Olson, from Norway, and, as I said before, this is my very good friend, Alice Hues, from England."

We walked on through the dining room, I, clumsily and self-consciously, first staring down at the soft tan rug and then at the sea of faces on either side of me.

"Let's sit here. Is this all right with you, Patience?" I assured her that anything was fine with me, and so we sat down at a table near a window on one of the sides of the large hexagonal dining room.

"Well, Patience," Cynthia continued, "what are you planning to do for the world?"

I simply stared at her blankly. Could I have heard her wrong? She hadn't really said . . . had she? Finally I managed to stammer, "I-I-I-uh . . . I haven't really thought about it . . . I don't really know."

"Oh," she answered, "Well, you'd better start thinking about it. Everyone, you know, has his own little mission in life, and you have one, too. Would you like me to get you a little notebook?"

"A notebook?"

"Yes, to write the thoughts that God sends you."

"Oh . . . uh . . . no, no, thank you . . . uh . . . I already have one."

Both girls looked at me with raised eyebrows, and then Cynthia continued, "I'm sure you'll value much by your experience here. I came, like you, full of my own ideas, sure that all MRA's principles were absurd, and after two days, my whole life was changed."

Feeling rather annoyed, I looked at her as if to say, "How on earth do *you* know what I think?"

Cynthia was probably in her mid-twenties. As was the custom, she wore no lipstick and her lips were very thin and pale. Her

nose was straight and well formed and her high Scandinavian cheekbones were covered by tightly drawn skin. She might once have been beautiful, but that was very likely before she had become involved with MRA.

"Well," she went on, "as I said before, my whole life was changed. I became a different person. I lived in Norway until I was nineteen with my mother, father, two sisters, and four brothers. All except one brother were older than I. Peter was killed in the war, John went insane and then committed suicide, Britta married a drunkard, was then divorced, and now lives as a maid somewhere in Norway. My poor mother was becoming a nervous wreck and the rest of us very bitter, but we never discussed any of our feelings and, instead, kept them locked away inside where they grew and grew. Yes . . .", she sighed, "those were sad days . . . I wonder what my mother's doing now. If only she could see the light that I have been so fortunate to see. That, Patience, is the wonder of this place. Everyone's so close. There are no bitter feelings locked away inside. They're brought right into the open, and everyone wants to help."

I stumbled out of that dining room more bewildered than when I had entered, only this time I didn't really care what people thought of me. Her whole life changed — everyone here so close—" the stupid idiot! If she had really seen 'the light', why didn't she do something kind or helpful for her 'poor mother'?

I rushed down the stone hallway and into my room, to find Nawrie, my older sister, sitting calmly on my bed. She looked up rather startled, as I burst out with, "Oh, Nawrie, I hate this place! I hate the people here! I hate them! They're all trying to snare you and force you to believe what they believe. They do nothing but tell you what a terrible life they led until they were introduced to MRA. It's as if they were trying to convince you that your life has been worthless so far and that you just haven't realized it. Our family is happy . . . and it's close . . . What are we doing here with all these mixed up people!"

Nawrie answered quietly, "Our family isn't so close. And besides what has gotten into you to make you so hysterical?"

I just stared in front of me, my eyes dazed and blinded by the bright lamp behind her. Our family wasn't so close? Something that that awful Cynthia had said was true? Suddenly I turned away and stumbled to the window. It was dark outside, and beyond I could see the purple-grey reflection of the disappearing sunset on the still water of Lake Geneva.

With the ribaldry of clompery we sing along, you and I;
We sing loudly, scrawkingly, because the hum of underfeelings
Tums still under the pudd waves scashing and strashing all
around us,
Over us, trunder us, in punt of us, badness, noise, gibber, but
Bestly, between us . . .

* * *

O crashing small waves, cover over our hum and twiddling grins.
Strull along backwards then, bubble back, pull the sneels under
smishing.
Trunkle once more over our eyes and the futzy whilms pepping
there,
And water our underfeelings, sprankle them with sand and pudd
waves
. . . To cover with ptaint.

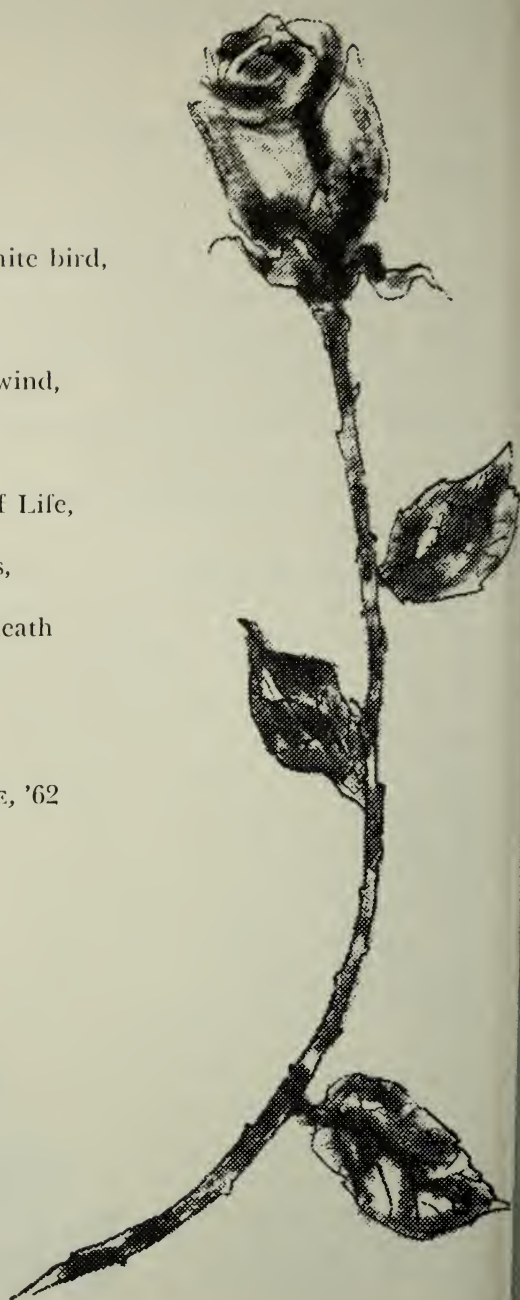
ANDRÉE CONRAD, '62



And I, the temple builder, chant
My verses to the high-cliff winds;

I chant the chant of the great white bird,
The chant of the restless sea;
I chant the chant of the wingéd wind,
Of the grass and leaves of a tree;
And in all these chants I chant of Life,
Of the throb of its pulsing hearts,
Of this planet-star of birth and death
And the truths which it imparts.

KATHIE KRAUSE, '62



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